For the first time in history, Louis Ferdinand Céline's pamphlet *Ecole Des Cadavres* has been translated into English.

Here is the text in its entirety with an introduction by the translator, Szandor Kuragin.

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There is no doubt that Louis Ferdinand Céline's *Ecole Des Cadavres* is one of the darkest, most offensive and most shocking texts ever written. It is part of a series of four "pamphlets" which brutally attack prominent political figures and groups during the interwar period. Nothing in this text escapes Céline's scathing remarks and relentless attacks. From beginning to end, the reader is confronted with anger, fear, paranoia, vulgarity and sarcasm; rarely does Céline touch on any emotion or idea which isn't nihilistically negative or pessimistic. There is no catharsis, redeeming feature or silver lining that the reader can grasp; there is only misery, gore and intense hatred.

It would be very easy to dismiss this text as just a mindless stream of bigoted, spiteful and politically incorrect bile; the errant ramblings of a drunken madman which only deserve to be cast into the dustbin of history. It would also be easy to just label Céline as a racist lunatic, whose words offer nothing of any substance to the reader.

The typical modern reader would not have anything to do with this text. He would say that we are far too sophisticated and politically correct in our modern day society to possibly benefit from a work so base, crude and despicable. On the other hand, students of history, literature and psychology would argue that this work offers a unique insight into the fear, desperation and paranoia which existed during the interwar period. The work also offers a thorough explanation of an unconventional political position during the 1930s: Céline's political views can be described as ultra-pacifist, patriotic and conservative, yet highly anti-Semitic at the same time. Furthermore, *Ecole Des Cadavres* is a must-read for Céline enthusiasts: to simply ignore a large portion of his literary career and to only focus upon his early greats and late masterpieces would be an act of disingenuous omission. In this introduction, we shall briefly examine the main themes of *Ecole Des Cadavres* and explain why this text deserves to be studied in greater detail.

The standout theme of this work is undoubtedly fear. Céline expresses abhorrence for anything violent or war-related, and condemns anyone he believes to be responsible for its perpetration. This attitude can be seen right at the beginning of his very first novel: *Voyage Au Bout de la Nuit,* where his character says that he would rather stay in prison during the war, where the bullets could not touch him. "Comme il ferait bon dans une petite prison pépère, que je me disais, où les balles ne passent pas ! Ne passent jamais !" (*Voyage Au Bout de la Nuit, Gallimard, 23)* In *Ecole Des Cadavres,* Céline gives numerous examples of the horrors of war, and his complete disgust towards it. For example, Céline describes in graphic

detail how soldiers are given blood transfusion operations, in order that the generals can send them off to war to get blown up and mutilated multiple times.

Céline also expresses his fear of death throughout *Ecole Des Cadavres,* mentioning the words "mass-grave" and "abattoir" repeatedly, and imagining all the brutal ways in which he could be killed on the battlefield. He sees those who are in charge of this escapade as bloodthirsty and heartless and he imagines a world in which no such violence exists. Céline's fear of death leads him to grasp at anything which would save him from the war. In *Ecole Des Cadavres,* he suggests ideas which would prevent the war from happening; most notably, his idea of the Franco-German alliance. Céline believes that the treaty of Verdun in 843 was the most disastrous historical event to have ever taken place, because it resulted in 1,100 years of conflict between the French and the Germans. The only way to prevent further violence would be to end centuries of violence with a Franco-German alliance, which would cease any further conflict between the two nations. It is this idea above all, which Céline wanted to convey in this text.

As well as using *Ecole des Cadavres* as a means of finding an explanation for all the suffering which France as a country finds itself in, Céline tries to find a culprit. The main target in *Ecole des Cadavres* is the Jews. The entire work gives many examples of how the Jews have used the rest of the population as pawns to suit their ends. In this text, almost every political decision with which Céline disagrees can be traced back to the Jews and the Masons (two terms which Céline uses almost interchangeably). Furthermore, Céline repeatedly alludes to the Jewish heritage of major politicians of the age: Trotsky, Blum, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Béla Kuhn are four examples of many individuals mentioned in the work whom Céline believes to be using their political positions to further the Jewish agenda.

Céline's anti-Semitic motivation in this work is quite clear: he wants to find a simple explanation to a complex problem. By suggesting that all the problems of the age are attributable to the Jews, the solution to the problem becomes very easy. In *Ecole Des Cadavres,* Céline suggests three simple steps to solve all of the problems of the age: getting rid of the Jews, imposing a ban on all secret societies and Lodges and mandatory care of invalids. Imagining that the world is only three steps away from solving all its problems must have brought Céline a great sense of comfort, and this sense of comfort is Céline's main motivation for finding a simple cause (The Jews and the Masons) to a complex problem (the political climate of the 1930s).

In addition to Céline's fear, he expresses a profound sense of isolation throughout the work. He portrays himself as a lone dissenter trapped in a modern world where violence, sex and cultural degeneracy reign supreme. For example, he shows an overwhelming disdain for avarice and materialism, and remains contemptful of the bacchanalian orgies which existed in France and in other countries in Europe at the time. Above all, Céline attacks the modern French media. He makes it clear that every single French newspaper, on the right or on the left, are in cahoots with what Céline sees as the Jewish, Communist and Masonic agenda. To express his disagreement towards the mainstream media, Céline frequently quotes from articles and speeches before using sarcasm to refute their arguments and ridicule their opinions. At the very beginning of the work, Céline quotes an entire letter from a Jewish critic of his work to show the amount of opposition he has faced as a result of expressing his views. Despite feeling isolated and alone, Céline revels in the notoriety and the hatred which is directed towards him. He knows that few people will agree with him on his points of view, yet defiantly sticks to his position. It is reminiscent of the quote from *Voyage* in which Bardamu declares that he wouldn't care if it were 999,999 vs him, he would still be in the right.

Ecole Des Cadavres is not just informative and polemic, but it is also a means by which Céline can vent his anger and frustration. The style of language is very similar to *Guignol's Band:* the sentences are fractured, paratactical and there is frequent use of the ellipsis and the exclamation mark. It would therefore be much easier to imagine this text being read (or shouted) aloud to a group of people than read out of a paperback in silence. The use of gross sexual imagery, excessive bloody imagery and brutal personal attacks are all supposed to make the reader laugh: when someone finds himself in such a hopeless situation as Céline did, the only things he can laugh at are the baseness and the suffering of his fellow men. *Ecole*

Des Cadavres is the laughing, raging, isolated, fearful and nihilistic voice of Céline, screaming out at a population who cannot understand his words.

Ecole Des Cadavres is a snapshot of Céline's desperation. We look through the eyes of a fear-stricken individual who struggles to find a way out of his situation, he clings onto any explanation for the suffering around him and only has literature as a means of expressing his emotions. We get the highly personal and graphic account of an isolated artist, who is crying out for attention, notoriety, or anything that will alleviate him from his solitude and fear.

Translator's Note

It is often challenging for the translator to convey ideas expressed in language which predates his translation. As time changes, language evolves: new grammatical structures and vocabulary are introduced to explain new concepts, whereas obsolete words can become antiquated within the space of only twenty years or so. Having said that, Louis Ferdinand Céline's 1938 work uses language which could have easily been written post-1980. It is often noted that Céline was a pioneer of style: he mastered the art of short, expletive phrases and bought colloquialism and vulgarity into mainstream literature. This style of writing has since been a great influence on modern writers such as Charles Bukowski, William S. Burroughs and Will Self.

Céline's paratactical and fractured prose also suits an Anglophone translator: it is often difficult to wrestle with the rigid grammatical structure of the French language and render French text into natural flowing, English prose. Céline's work is, however, free from these grammatical rules: he disregards the full sentence, the standard format of subject, verb, object and prefers to use single words followed by an exclamation mark. If we examine this short passage from *Ecole Des Cadavres,* even without having a firm grasp of the French language, we can tell that Céline is ignoring any use of traditional sentence structure or grammar:

De L'union nationale! Because! Un peu molo s'il vous plait, là bas sur les bases…Pour la propagande! Minute! Attention les brutalités…virulents…toujours, certes…mais raisonnables…Pas l'impossible!…Attention, les extravagants…les persécuteurs de "mous"…de tact!

Céline takes out the words from the sentence which he deems unnecessary and just leaves the reader with the most important and shocking words, such as "propagande," "brutalités" and "virulents". The text is written as if it were meant to be shouted out to a group of people, rather than read off the page. Céline's liberal use of language grants the translator a certain degree of freedom: without the traditional constraints of French grammar, the translator can often get away by translating "word for word," a technique which is usually ill-advised. As we can see in the translation of the above passage, it is the words themselves which are far more important than how they are structured in a sentence:

The National Union! Because! Take it easy please! Back at home…the propaganda!…Minute…! Beware of the brutality…virulent people…always…certainly…but reasonable…Not impossible…Beware of extravagant people…the persecutors of the "soft" and the tact…

Although the passage has no clearly defined structure, it is easy to comprehend the sentiment behind it. The reader only needs the words “propaganda,” “brutality” and “virulent people” to be able to paint a clear picture in his head of what Céline is trying to convey.

The challenge of the translator in *Ecole Des Cadavres* is not to make sense of a foreign structure, but rather, to add structure and order to that which fundamentally lacks any coherent structure or order. Luckily, the English language has short colloquial phrases which are very broad and can be instantaneously understood by the reader: phrases such as “fucked over,” “fucked up,” and “screwed” are short one or two word phrases which can be used in several different contexts but can still make perfect sense in different contexts. For example, the phrase getting “fucked over by the Jews,” might not have any literal sense, but it can be easily understood by an Anglophone reader who may or may not have a clear grasp of English colloquialism and vulgarity. Swearing in the English language is very relaxed: words and phrases do not have to make grammatical sense for the meaning to be conveyed: for example “that is totally fucked up” or “absofuckinglutely” are perfectly adequate in conveying meaning, yet do not necessarily make perfect grammatical sense. The flexibility of the English language is therefore perfect at communicating Céline’s fractured, loose prose as it can express meaning without having to make literal sense.

Usually, it is ill-advised for the translator to translate “word by word,” but rather to at first make sure that the text makes sense in his own language. In the case of *Ecole Des Cadavres,* it is far more advisable to stick to a very literal translation as to not lose the fractured aspects to the text. A translation of *Ecole Des Cadavres* with perfect English grammar and no vulgarity would be a disingenuous and false translation. The translation must include all the imperfections and inconsistencies of the original text to maintain a degree of authenticity.

School For Corpses

The water kept flowing beneath the bridges after the release of this book!

The world has changed. Fast forward a few years and months and you’ll be looking at stories which no longer have any substance. No one will remember them. Authentic witnesses will be either dead or screwed, or perhaps even conscripted.

The grand work of our “Age” is all about killing people in silence or for jewels. I hate it and I know all about this job I do, I live this “Age” every day. Always up for jewels I am, so susceptible, yet so distrustful.

So, just two months before oblivion, here are some little details about the book:

1. It’s printed by Daladier.
2. Its author was condemned by Mr Rougès on 21 June 1939 who thinks he’s disgraceful. Mr Rougès is a metalwork trade-unionist and member of the International Brigade.

The publication of “School of Corpses” didn’t cause a fuss: even the French press left it alone, despite it being full of pacifists, anti-Semitics, Franco-Germans etc. etc. Not a word, or even an echo, not a line: just the cold shoulder, total silence, a complete disavowal. The reasons for this worldwide hiccup: “School Of Corpses” is the only text of this era (in a newspaper or a book) to be anti-Semitic, racist, collaborationist (pre-Vichy, that is) before the formation of the anti-English, anti-Freemason military alliance and the only text to serve as a forerunner for the military catastrophe.

We can remember that it was possible to be this or that under Blum, and both at the same time. The whole bloody lot! It was acceptable to be a bit…but still being a bit restrained, reserved, whatever, it was up to you.

If you were anti-Semitic and also a bit anti-racist, then good for you! So what! If you were a pacifist, yet pro-English! Bravo! Antiwar, sure, if you wanted it! Always having a hook up your arse to keep you respecting morals, conventions, manners, your country, and of course the Jews. Save the essential bits! Its fun being the chameleon!

This book has the achievement of being completely rejected by the French Press (even if it’s full of anti-Semites). So much so that it’s faded into obscurity and we can only treat it with silence, on the end of a pair of tweezers.

I’m however read by the prosecutors and the Humanists. Send me to the correctional facility!

No one is on my side anymore. No one was there for me in court, not even the French press, even though they’re full of anti-Semites, pacifists and pro-Germans. It was just the odd lawyer and journalist from the “Lumière” and the “Popu” etc etc.

The stinking beast dirties the best causes.

Our valiant defence barrister Saudemont was at the first hearing and then present on the final day three months later (giving him enough time to bone up on the info!) Only Denoël, myself, Ms Canavaggia, Marie and Renée and our good friends Bernardini Montadon, (and his umbrella) Bonvillieis and good old Tschann the librarian and Mr Almanzor helped him.

That’s it; it’s barely nothing for such a big town, save all the adventures and woes for another time.

The Jew just walked by, with his cold soul.

These are the facts.

The other day I was walking along the towpath between Jatte and Courbevoie, ruminating. I was thinking about little things, I had troubles but I certainly wasn’t drowning in them. I was bothered anyway, I couldn’t find the solution.

Life isn't happy everyday

I looked at the surroundings a bit. I looked at the slimy barge, inside out like some boom… and then at a little winch, hanging, moving from side to side.

I looked a little further… I saw a mermaid there paddling around in the water, which looked awfully muddy and infected… mud and bubbles… I felt for her… I pretended not to see her… I walked away discretely.

"Hey, Ferdinand! Aren't you saying hello anymore? You pretentious nutter, no bloody manners, where are you off to?"…

This shameless girl was like a mermaid to me, I'd already met her several times, on various different occasions in various different estuaries, in Copenhagen, Saint-Laurent etc, always distraught, frenzied, and full of joy, youth and dizzying in the sea. This always bothered me, as it did on the Seine… the dust and the shit.

"What are you thinking about, you little dick?" She interrupted.

She was always scheming; she looked rough in the water… I looked at her more closely, what a poor face!

"You got a problem with me at the moment? Screw you, come on then, kiss me." I didn't have a choice, she stank of oysters, I excused myself.

"You're going to be a granddad" she said.

She burst out laughing. She knew all the gossip, the dirt and filth on everyone in town.

"You know a lot, nosy!" I replied, "cheeky little thing, what were you up to this morning?"

"Fool, stupid old man! Fucking failure! Does it piss you off that I'm telling you this? Dirty old man! You fuck everything up! For shame! For shame! Go fuck yourself!"

"You fucking stink! Like a flower in a shithole! Or in a drain! I'll end you, fucking child!"

Moving a bit further on, I jumped up, tore off her scales! This love is over! It's been twenty years too much of this witchcraft bullshit. It's like combing your hair in mud, it would be fucking horrible. I tried to be friendly, I tried to walk on without stirring shit up… but then the hate just engulfed me.

“I’m off to the sea! No more fresh water!” I boasted, “I’m going to see some pure waves! Fucking fish shit!”

“The fuck? Fish shit! What kind of insult is that? You soulless cunt! Come here, I’ll drown you! So you’re off with the others to the sea? Like all the other clapped out dogs in this world, bastard!”

“Who cares,” I replied, “Fucking yob! You’re ugly, stupid and you’re a whore! You’ll meet your punishment one day! Neptune’ll see to it! Let me tell you! I know his daughter! Does that bother you? You’ll meet your punishment, I repeat!

“Punishment! Punishment!”

“Bastard!”

“Bastard? Bastard… How dare you…”

The awful word “bastard” was for her… Ah! She’s suffocating, hiccupping in the mud with indignation and fury.

“Bastard! Bastard!” That cheered her up.

“Wait, wait for what I’m going to say to you! Fruit of the sea! You’re like! Old gas! Feathers! Bullshit! Bullshit! You say I’m rotten! Cheeky cunt! Touch me, grab my arse! Tell me! Logs! Bites! Here’s a sigh that will warm me up again! Eh! It’s a tobacco pouch? Yes? Suck it! Weakling!

This was exactly right, she was harsh through and through.

“And you know,” she added, thumping herself violently, grabbing her sides with her breasts shining, “listen to that, that’s all spite! Hear it! It’s solid! I’m not faking it! Say hello to Neptune!”

She found it funny that I was uncomfortable.

She was missing two or three teeth.

And that raspy, awful voice…

“They are distilleries,” she explained, “which covers up the voice.” I have four of them in front of Levallois… just after the bridge…

“You’re doing well here?”

“See it?”

“I’m asking you.”

“And you, you look good as you scurry along.” There was a lot of grumbling.

“I go where I like, I’m free”.

“Free, free?! Not for long.”

“Go on then, go on.”
“You know nothing, pretentious prick.”

“All you know is bullshit gossip, which keeps you going through the cesspits.”

“Yeah… yeah… you’re all muddy… you’ll stay like that for ages… arrogant bitch…we’ll get rid of that exterior of yours… we’re gonna stop you chirping…nasty yellow thing… you’re going to laugh yourself pale one of these days.”

“How’s that then?”

“You don’t even dare to listen to me, you look even more cowardly than you are rotten.”

“Oh really”

“What did you do at Clichy?”

“What? What?”

“I know everything, even more than that, tell me that you’re scared of me.”

“Me? Scared? Foul drunk of the mires! I’m listening to you with great pleasure! Come at me with all your gangrene then!”

“He said this; she said that… blah blah blah”

“Ah right, I would have never believed it.”

“That she…”

“Oh that’s just too good…”

“Exactly, yeah, yeah, yeah.”

“That’s unheard of!”

“You’re drunk, he said, she said… they said this and that and this and that and something else and there you go!”

“No, no, no”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah”

“It’s extraordinary really…”

“All of it?”

“Yes! One, two…ten… twelve… twenty four!”

“All of it?”

“Sure thing!”

“That sucks!”

“You’re even more horrific than you thought!”

“That’s impossible!”

“Do you have anything else to say?”

“Pass us the Seine’s ink… You’ll see what I meant… soaking my dick in your vitriol…it’ll just fulminate, destroy and set fire to your request! I will never be more fucked up than when you decided to piss on my face! Suck my arse! Eat my solid shit! Some fucking Kaminsky or something like that! Just as I soak my feathers real quick, just as I dampen them… we’re now in the shit…Fuck off back with the rest of those suckers…you came out here for nothing…get your arse back under the water!”

“For nothing? For nothing? Ferdinand, I’m going to kiss you!”

“Take a hike! For the love of God! Fuck you!”

“Slurp…slurp…there was a huge splash…she already went back underwater. She was still looking around over there… somewhere far away…still paying attention, that damned woman.”

I’ve already written ten pages of this, all in one go by the way, all of it brilliant wit. But then I was taken over by doubt…a sort of deep despondency… “you’re just spewing hate, Ferdinand… you’re getting yourself in a right state…curdling yourself for money…you’re shortening your own life…let it go…you’re already lost…you can’t have any more enemies! The most underhanded, the worst, the most meticulous, the murderers, the evil, the merciless, the vast, the best equipped, the most resigned, the maddest, the will-do-anything-for-revenge maniacs, the most vicious and cruel! So, are you happy? Satisfied? Spoiled?… I was about to give in to these awful reasons, until I received an urgent, anonymous letter by hand, addressed to me which was… “Very personal.”

“I initially thought something terrible happened…some catastrophe…the truth had been let out! An awful event… but no… nothing like that… just a cute little note…a bagatelle…just a little (authentic) prank by some squirt.”

Dear Céline the foul.

You little shit, I read some bits of your piece of shit book. It didn't surprise me coming from a little shit like you. Just to let you know that the kikes are going to shit in your mouth and then piss in it for good measure!

The Jews all going to screw you over and if you decide to fuck off, you only have to tell us.

For your thirst, if you have any that is, there's some warm shit for your dirty mouth, you can cook it up into a nice meal. You can use it as cream. There are perverts out there who fuck girls and eat their shit afterwards. You are just like them! You love everything that's disgusting! Shit, piss, cum. As the song goes… eat shit, drink piss, it's the best way to never feel hungry. That should be your principle, the kikes get down and piss and shit on your foul, stinking pig-like crotch. One of your dumb friends would crown you king of the idiots right away if you had some wreath or other.

But just a little advice: watch out, because one of your four only friends might just as well start laughing at you.

Then they'd torture us with your piece of shit books!

I read a bit of the Bagatelles[1] in a shop window with no intention of buying it because I'd rather kill myself than pay for one of your books so you can get fat off it.

In France, we've sure had some dodgy men like Verlaine, Villon and Rimbaud but they're all more interesting than you. They had talent and could actually write French.

You try to be like one of these free spirits but you just come off as some idiot.

Know that, as a Jew, I'm not going to waste my words on you who treat me like a dirty little kike and who insists that only 1,300 Jews were killed in the War."

And even if there had been only 1,300, that proves that Jews are more veneered that Christians. And they weren't all cowards; some of them were on the frontline.

Catch you later, Cunt.

Salvador, the Jew

P.S If Jews are circumcised; they don't have to be ashamed of this. This allows them, on the other hand, to avoid smallpox. They're able to clean themselves, Jews don't catch smallpox, at least very few of them. Jews don't have stinky dog dicks.

Oh how this Salvador loves me so! The evidence is there! Misdirected Fervour! He doesn't even know how to shut me up! Let alone get into my head! Ah! How eager, how frantic! My God! He took it so badly! He offends me, shocks me but doesn't work me up into such a rage! His emotions make him useless! Salvador groans in idiocy. Fury? Even better than that! Good heavens! Heaven hasn't seen anything more furious! He's seeping with fury! Holy crap! Well thank god that Salvador read me at least! Cautiously, with a pencil in hand! Trying to denounce me, stumbling through my text! Before mouthing off like this! He follows my words nicely! Patiently! Licking the edge of each page! He has a working knowledge of violence! He's devoted! Tactful upon each premise! Fragility on each imperative! Salvador, you crack me up!

My dear idle ingrate! With your shitty nature! Funny! Brute! Dribbling, crooked man! Nothing of yours gets anywhere, never comes to light or gets spread around! O what a load of dumb quibbling! Your business! Obscene! What a shame it is when your masters have nothing to get out of you but pallid, sickly wheat!

Decadent ransom! Churning up all this cancer is the most terrible contrition, worse than agony or oblivion, the most pungent penitence, for all of our vanity, weaknesses, vainglories, and proud secrets or bragging.

This isn't a dramatisation… we're at war so to speak…we don't need to elaborate on that…we've arrived at the "very last one."… We're already dancing. You could certainly ask me "why does this matter to you?" You're basically dead as soon as it starts. You're not going to suffer very long during the war.

That's it, that's my chance. Dying is nothing, the most humiliating thing, the most super-vile thing would be if they resuscitate you and force you to join the fate of the hoard of cold, damned, ruined suckers.

I'm going to leave everything as it is, let things get worse, let things fester gradually… I won't say a word; I'll wait for the calamities with a nice and quiet sort of dignity. I might go and hang around in some cave somewhere, so I can die at the very last moment and watch everyone else die before me, feeling good because I was right.

I'm tired. Even hanging on the edge of the abyss, on the edge of the cataclysm, there are still people going mad, settling in, still excelling at their stupid tricks. Look at them, feeling around, perversely, left to right in that vile way, contorting themselves until you can't bear to look at them. As it stands, these cocky bards are going to make us all fly off our handles!

I've observed at the catastrophes, the progress, and the treachery with determined placidity, to see if everyone was acting in the same way. Far from it! Not at all! On the contrary! Skunk! What petulance! Never have these noisy sides been so different! Across the gap you get challenges, outcries, exchanged words, huge protests and massive crowds of self-righteousness.

All the strong spirits of the age are causing trouble, showing off, dancing, twirling around, and propagating. Echoes are everywhere, the chaotic words hum all around.

I know a good dozen famous authors, journalists, columnists and gossip writers boasting about having brought down the war, covered in, spattered with, soaked in, saturated in magnificent stanzas, they got rid off all the conflicts, cured all the haemorrhoids, the awful bloody vigour, all of the entrails, gone by just their writing alone! Their stylistic, amazing, majestic writing of their dialectics is like the Thunder of the Gods! Ah! These aren't just any old sensationalist, amateur, revered,

shitty writers of the literary canon: they're part of the great uproar in the big offices! Part of the global Lévy-Blum plot! Fucking hell!

What! Yuck! Urgh! Blurgh! Argh! Arrogant cunts! Fakes! Poor old confused, useless, hopeless old Chinese egotistical pricks! They don't deserve anyone to even look at them! I wouldn't pay much for them! Ah! I'd send all of them back! I'd proclaim their shame out loud! From the rooftops! Presumptuous cunts! That's what I think! These braggarts disgust me! Damn them to hell! Too much nerve without any effect! They refuse to fuck off, go away, back down or piss off, none of that! These peacocks and budgies! Bitches all brought together in one massive dispute! None of it! Never! Poor sods! Bunch of liars!

Ravaging, raging Furies of War, spread your bullshit to every corner of Hell, all of your vitriol en masse.

People who fuck things up! Shit! I confess I'm confused! I'm a mug! I've fucked up my stove! I run away! I shout! I'm out of breath! I belch out one hundred thousand stinks! I go far beyond the agreement! How gracious! My legs! Menacing looks! Fleeting glimpses! Fuck ups! I've screwed you over since forever… I see you seeping out, like an aging ulcer, an evil plot… Hair! In a bun! Everything's coming out! The monster is shattered!

I'm going to shake things up! Pick up your ambition! Hairy caterpillar stratagems! Peace! Peace? Peace yourselves! I know right away what you're thinking! What you're going to hatch up! Down these tortuous, foreign, winding roads…Scum of the Nobel Prize…! Evil! Whispering ruffians! Buzzing hornets! Bottles! Mackerels! Piggybank! Gigantic Gargamelle! You? Cum! Intestinal nougat! Noble Mug! Supreme genius pacifist collaborators! Five thousand shrouds and counting! A sort of dollars! I say! For the swindlers! Blow it up! Blow it up! I can't take it! Moth! Shit! Moths! Larvae are all you are! I blow up! I'll return to the ceiling! I can't go on! I can't bear it! Who can bear with me! Felony! I grab you! Bite this traffic! Duplicitous judges! Short sighted graves! Rough! Lifeless! What are you on about! Disasters!

All too often does he jumps about from rope to rope, Ferdinand! Hundreds, thousands of shocks! Let go! Crippled! Don't jump anymore! Don't hesitate! Hold on! Let go!

He's suggesting, arranging a whore for you now Ferdinand! Someone capable! Hold on!

Listen up cartel! Shitty enemy! Stinking pen-pushers! Ergatoplasms of 80,000 parishes! Culture Houses! 188,000 ghettos of copywriters! Clean up the bedsores! Nibble the scabs and poke the horrific things! The day has come to get a hard on! We all need it for this theatre of so-called "fussy peace!" It's happening here! Let's take it apart! Embarrassment! Naked! Frivolous Catinière! Conniving Stuck Ups! Everyone goes against each other given the change! Competing! What would be the best? Sticking two fingers up your arsehole? Three? Four? Your whole fist? We have a Winner! It's done! Hurrah! The proud troubadour! Leader of the dresser! Ah! Peace! You rejoice! At last! Whore! Secret bitch! Titillation! Duplicitous garbage! To me! Nobel! The whole lot! I fall in line! Suck up! Swot! Bitch! You get up there! I'll lead you off to be fucked, becoming a soldier earning his cash! Roll up! Your rotten onion! I'll heap a whole bunch of crap on you! Gatherings! Relaxing hymns, provocateurs, decalogogues, cheats, carefully chosen trivialities, hobbies, little novels, ashen books, scintillating satire, flawless banter, ambiguous odes, fleeting epigrams, Montyon type stuff, relaxing comedies, amusing tragedies! Everything! You'll get my peace! For you! I'll be your treasury! My peace pot! My peace lottery! That's what we need! As long as you go along with it at the right time! As long as you join us, panting along, stumbling around, joyous Peace! Like jelly! Scattered across my soft lips! Golden rain! Miraculous shower! Denoel, my succubus won't get any of it! Horned witch! It's he who is the expert anyway, as he slyly looks on, he'll know if I get ripped off, he sees it happening ever so gradually!

If it's not me, if it's not you

Who is guilty then?

If it's not me, if it's not you

Who did it then?

Let's get to the bottom line. The democrats want the war. The Democrats have finally got their war. Democracy = a mass of domesticated, divided, muffled people who have been reduced to vinegar and held at ransom. They have been turned into dimwits by the Jews, they've been completely butchered, hypnotised and depersonalised, brainwashed into absurd hatred and fratricide. Lost, thrown into a panic by the infernal Kike propaganda: radio, cinema, the press, Lodges, electoral scoundrels, Marxists, Socialists, Larocquistes, 25th hourists, anything you want, but ultimately it's a Jewish conspiracy, a Jewish Satrap, a gargantuan Jewish tyranny.

So many diversions, screens, stinking cover-ups, signposts, waves of invasions by Jewish troops, penetrations, triumphs, Jews celebrating over our meat, our faces, our wounds, our tumbling into mass graves of war, revolutionaries.

Fighting for cash, merciless, ants against caterpillars, death's enterprise… All weapons are good. Black Jews against White Jews. Nothing more, nothing less.

Ever since Egypt, it's the same old tune. Cheers! The crashing tightrope-walker, preposterous, the Cyclops whom everyone can't stop talking about, day and night, with no hope of remission, the Jew at the forefront par excellence, universal, essential, admirable, against our nervous system, a grinding weapon which is vulnerable to submission, to total disintegration, perfect for exhausting us. The brazen tam-tam, the joy, the jubilant boastfulness, obscene, the feverish lies, this slimy charlatanism is what the Jews love (nerves of zinc). They find themselves in their natural state, Bacchanalian Hebrews, the souk in madness, the very same ape-like regime of exhibitionism degrades us, swallows us, knocks us out, leaves us to the mercy of the Jew by reducing us to exhausted anxiety, annihilating us! The Jew gains from noise everything which we lose in silence. The Jewish intimidation! The yelling conflicts! Politics! Anguish for gold, for gold! Dithyrambic propaganda, constant revolutions, constant disappointments, imposed ecstasies, Aryan hatred under every pretext, electoral, religious, sport etc… rekindling catastrophes with frenzied cadences, paradoxical relapses, suspense, of other even more tragic crises, epilepsy for everyone! The Goyim dancing to this rhythm, aided by cheap wine, wobbling, derailing, flunking, dripping away, renouncing.

After a few years of this detrimental regime, the Goyim are no more: just an imbecilic echo of all the pleasures of the Jew, brainwashed by chaos of these famous cackles. All he can do is cling to whatever the rotten Jew tells him to do. Nothing more disgusts him. He grabs onto everything he believes to have found out, with very little pleasure. For the drowned man, everything which floats is a miracle, the poor knackered old dog. The Goyim, plunged into the prodigious, torrential, hard-hitting Jewish carnival which has lost all judgement and even any vague desire of judgement. He reacts no more. He doesn't doubt it anymore because he no longer exists. He's brainwashed in school, and then in college and then monopolised, mechanized and inexorably worn down from the cradle to the grave. As soon as he opens an eye, as soon as his ears pick up the faintest echo, he doesn't hear anything but Jewish lies, Jewish words, Jewish colours, Jewish rhythms, Jewish trances, Jewish gibberish, Jewish crusades, he's like a fish in a frying pan. Whoever isn't Jewish and tries to rebel against it ends up just becoming Jewish anyway. Everything that he experiences is just infallibly, inexorably and indisputably Jewish. He's just sleepwalking among the Jews. He's lost everything in the Jewish void, just as he gets a little desire to find himself, his identity and his soul; the Jew leads him wherever he wants him to go.

Democracies are simply dominions in the massive Jewish Empire, phenomenal, stratospheric drumming to accompany our torture devices and servitude. Absolutely irresistible. Who are the lords of this nightmare? Jewish banks, the Rabbi conspirators, (with or without heroin) the Secret Service, the English Judeocracy, the City, everything belongs to the Jews.

It would be far better if everything was like a roulette! Beautiful and monotonous!

The Great Jewish power knows how to handle small problems, tiny hitches here and there, wisely getting rid of them. Sadism? Preventative precautions? Games? You never know… The Jewish power is an unrepentant player, just like everything Jewish. They're provocateurs of the devil, torturers, snitches, Masons. These arrangements sometimes go too far. But they always recover and rebuild triumphantly, they take risks but never lose.

At the moment, in Germany, Italy and Russia, in fact a little bit everywhere, the Jews are encountering some resistance… a certain Aryan racism. Oh, not particularly dangerous! It's only weak, fanatical and timid. The peril is vague; you can overlook it easily enough! The über-Jewish USA has 70% of the world's industry! The Jew saw it coming! … He got hold of all the funds… all of the industry… That how it's going to go! No danger! He's surely going to win! Just another day in the life, that's all! For Barush, Bollack, Litvinov and Rothschild, a bit better than Baccara! That's all!

And 50 million Aryan corpses to put things into perspective… Nothing serious. For the moment… A little shiver perhaps, or maybe worse.

But the Aryan rebellion might just fizzle out… it's not out of the question! That's the big chance! Ha! Ha! The divine and alluring risks… Stop! These faltering, probing pirates! A bit of "discovery" here and there! This Aryan pseudo-revolt should be crushed, annihilated, squashed, obliterated unceremoniously with sensational torture devices, with unheard of methods of cruelty, thrown to all four corners of the planet, a cataclysmic lesson! For these indigenous plebeian chest-beaters! All of them! Into the mass graves please! A decisive hand! Not a single one of these clumsy, crass chatterboxes has been spared from this all-powerful tarantula for 2,000 years! An expiatory sacrifice! Expiatory for all the hullabaloo of the opposition. The more uprisings and Aryan rebellions there are in the Jewish penal colony during these last 20 centuries, the more the war progresses, in its lovely, providential way. After all the slime and the blood.

We'll still be talking about the butchery devotedly, admirably and ecstatically in Aryan cottages for twenty more centuries to come.

All of the pretexts will still be viable…nothing will be considered foul. Anything will do as long as the frenzied Aryans are massacred on a large scale and anyone in the military that poses any danger to the Jews: e.g. the French, Serbs and the Germans.

They're going to cut us up and slit our throats right up to the last of us.

When they're no one left standing, when they're all fucked up and bloodied, the Jew will remain calm and get ready for the next one.

The French want to make people believe

We have some sort of mystic somewhere

Something we can talk about

We have no mystic, we have nothing to say

The French are empty.

The Masonic, French Republic is nothing but a shitty electoral farce, a frenzied enterprise of lies for naïve, screwed up, bloodied, swindled French people, set up cruelly by the Jews who have had a worldwide, undisputable monarchy over everyone for 18 centuries.

The fucked up Masonic Republic, supposedly French is at the mercy of secret societies and Jewish Banks (Rothschild, Lazare, Barush etc…) it's in agony. It couldn't be more gangrenous, it's solely made up of scandals. All that the Jews and the French, Masonic dogs feast off are the stinking scraps. With every passing day there's another little treat for them, a deathly bribe that they can gobble up and feast over, jubilantly, ecstatically, delirious over the carcasses. We were all been beaten into submission during the pre-Soviet phase, this intensive, quivering stage of the Jewish conspiracy, during the trance of the Kabbalah. When all the Kikes get out their drummers, politicians, soldiers, journalists and bankers to take over all the power structures, commands, exchanges, remunerations, trafficking and the profit, subduing the indigenous people for good measure, subjecting them to shellfire and blood, tying them up in shackles and chains. The Jewish pride! Soviets everywhere! Its clear as day! 100% Jewish control! A Jewish stampede beneath the open sky. Mutilation! Gluttony of riches for the Promised Land! Ours! Conquered, Enslaved. An enormous orgy of assassins. Massacres of indigenous people are dumbed down, intoxicated and subjugated from the get go by the omnipresent, irresistible allure of the hypnotic Jews. The process is infallible.

Just look at Béla Kuhn in Hungary, Rosenberg in Spain, Trotsky in Russia, Blum in France etc. etc. The global Jewish agenda.

For anyone who cares, it doesn't matter because the Jews hold all the power in France. Banks, Industry, Ministers, Commerce, Lodges[2]… All the levers, all the profits, privilege, immunities and all the white cards. A simple increase in negroids. Afro-vanity. Tam-tam. This Judeo-Masonic French state is made up of the most bullshit, cowardly Patriotism that you could ever dream of.

We, the French people, are enslaved, bullied, oppressed, crucified, marginalised, ridiculed, intensely and openly, we've been stolen from, they've done all they can admirably, implacably and frenetically, we've been betrayed as well, bit by bit, non-stop and without relent by our brothers of that relentless race, the Franco-Masons, voluntary dogs of the Jews, gluttons, in every dustbin, feasting off Jewish trash, picking off the scraps, feasting off all the gangrenous wounds, overcome by the Jewish frenzy. The Lodges hold all the power. All the Yids have to do is seize it. No resistance. They come to power, exploit us, and hold us to ransom, just when they feel like it, when their caprice gives them the tingles. They fuck us over; their mischief excites them, publicly and with impunity. Could you have ever dreamed of a negro education minister? Well you have one now. Do you want another marten from the colonies? You got one! What a twist of fate! Tomorrow the Chairman of the Board, who's in charge of the abattoirs (He's one of them too!) The High Jewry loves to see how far they can degrade us, make us crawl on our hands and knees, how much we can take, how much spit and shame we can handle.

I'm thinking that the Jews will go even further. I hope it gets found out definitively that all the big universities, Civil Service, academies, polytechnics, boarding schools, electorates, hospitals, radios, subsidised theatres, standard theatres, The

French Central Bank are all reserved for the Jews (like in the USSR), no Goyim allowed. This is all pretty widespread. But this hasn't become official which surprises me. The fight between private powers and the indigenous population should be official. The time is now. Everyone in control, pulling the strings, shining out, organising everything, teaching people should be considered Jewish in France from this day on. That's all. It would be a fair representation of what's going on, this is enough to rip your eyes out. With this decree, the indigenous people would be clearly enslaved, more words, more pointless procedures, they would confine us, once and for all, to where we belong, in the abattoirs or in the shit.

Attention! All native French people

There's only 25 million of you left out of 40 million

You'll become a minority with all that's going on

I don't want to repeat myself, but even the Jews themselves have said all this, since the Talmud was published, in many editions, only a few Aryans have taken the trouble to actually read it, analyse it and summarise it for us. I'll cite it here nevertheless: "Bagatelles for a Massacre" will tell you all about it, I believe, that its significance and its relevance is what is awaiting us. Everything is in there; I haven't discovered anything for myself. No pretence. It's a simple vulgarisation, virulent, stylised. Judeology is a science, a study of the worldwide Jewish sickness, of the interbreeding of Jew and Aryan, the Mandelien mosaic, the Mandelien cancer of the modern world? Lies? A play on words? Blinded with hatred? No. It's definitely a cancer, tumours, created, brought on just like all other tumours, by excessive hybridisation, frenzied growth, and imbecilic, disastrous, cellular anarchy, triggered by degrading fertilisation, absurd and monstrous.

All this is under consideration. We'd probably be surprised to discover, (if white people still even existed) that in a few years all of our cancer, gangrenous deformations, social and surgical all have the same origin and the same genetic vices: racial depravity, systematic bastardisation, reckless fornication, anti-Aryanism, the abasement of the indigenous Aryans by the niggers, how absurd is this rabid process of Aryan annihilation by Afro-Asian contamination. All of this racial prostitution, under the pretence of Humanitarianism, imposed on us by the global Lodges and the Middle Eastern Jews is going to tear us apart. The Franco-Masons, the cretinoid servant careerists of the Kabbalah laboratories. Those Kabbalah laboratories where all they think about is how to torture us and annihilate us through servitude, bullshit Marxism and fucking us over.

Judeology is a very hermetic science which is very old (it goes back from Moses all the way to the Kike Intelligence Service, by the Talmud and the Evangelists.) It's a convoluted, evasive, farcical, sick, contradictory and deceptive science. Hell's opening (which we have to seal up one day or lose everything) where you don't go to unless you're brave, courageous, have some balls, guts or defiance, or have an excuse or a chromium subterfuge… the most opaque dominos won't help you at all. They will make you forget where you're going… go on then. The enemy has been prodigiously warned, he takes many forms, he never sleeps, he's atrociously vigilant, and he's the Devil! He's watching you all the time! All Jews big and small are employed by the Devil's gold!

Whoever trips over, falls into the abyss, without any hope of getting back out. They're finished. They're crushed for good. They're crushed to a pulp in this adventure, how grotesque!

Some Judeologues know their science inside out, from head to toe, the whole bloody lot from Jewish history to the ethnological conspiracy and biology. Their work is famous, incontestable and fundamental. Every Aryan must have read Drummont (sic), or more recently De Vries, De Poncins, Sombart, Stanley, Chamberlin; more precisely: Montadon, Darquier de Pellepoix, Boissel, H. R. Petit, Dasté 1, H. Costan, desEssards, Alex, Santa etc… You will find a well-stacked French biography at the "Centre de Documentation," 10 Argenteuil Street, an anti-Jewish area, 12 Laugier Street as well. A few newspapers and periodicals talk about the Jews a little bit. Nowadays you have "La France Enchainee," "La Libre Parole," "Je Suis Partout," "L'Action Francaise" "Gringoire" on occasion, but not that much, the odd week here and there,

but that's it… the rest of the French press is just unbridled, raging, breathless, frenetic, racist, intransient, Parisoiresque, cancerous Jewry. There might be a time when the Aryans (whether they've sold out or not) who don't wish to wallow in ignorance during the next mass-slaughter, who would want to find out the reasons behind their own extinction. It would be great also, but we can only dream about it, that the commonertariat stop idolizing, do something other than just strike, the rotten corrupt bastards, simply taking whatever they're told or they read and think about who's pulling their strings, go to a soothsayer for the truth perhaps? Their watchwords? This is all well and good, but just before this is all revealed, the flood will swallow them whole.

And our bourgeoisie? If they could stop overdoing the tripe, guzzling down foie gras and crawling around from indigestion just for a month; if they could think about something else other than their stomachs, (they shit and feel hungry again afterwards, that's it) they might be surprised to find themselves systematically betrayed by their dimwitted, over-qualified writers. It's those very writers who would ditch one side as soon as their troughs come under threat and defect to the other side, devotedly and casually! Just like Jewish demagogy! The bourgeois, like bowels full of shit, only pay attention to their own flunkies and their bullshit writings, discharges; all they do is wriggle about together wildly and go crazy over this revolutionary shit… just as its all about to kick off. This is what the general panic of these flunkies looks like, it's a mass exodus in the direction of reinforced demagogy, decorous Communism and a new sort of Christian-Litvinovian conformism! What bullshit! Let's settle down and sit back. It's all panic and compromise.

The disgrace, the baseness, the boorishness of everyone, masters and lackeys together no longer upsets people, deserters, the deserted, the spectators; the dog goes towards its food. That's it. No one is aware anymore. The world is numb because it's so rotten. Like meat that's so off that it can't get any worse. That's it.

Masters and lackeys rot together, all together, in the mud, in the mess; nothing reacts anymore to it, not even a sole fibre. Betrayed and screwed over, carcasses, all mixed up together, indistinguishable from one another.

I must recommend the brilliant writings of de Dasté: particularly Marie-Antionette and the Masonic plot.

In closing, get a hold of the anti-Jewish books I just recommended, its well worth 5, 10 or 15 francs. – You'll do great service to those valiant people who are the only ones defending your skin, your race and your freedom. Cut back a bit on the appetizers, you'll see the benefits. When you grasp the essential bits of these two works, you'll know as much about the Jewish problem as me. It's not difficult. You don't need to be particularly erudite. The vocal Marxist bastards learn entire chapters of the Communist theology and can recite the Jewish, cretinous slogans off by heart… and look at how well they're doing! You'll do well as well, just before you die. That's always the result, the coquetry.

From Moscow-torture central to Washington – fuelled by London's oil, all the Franco-Masonic Jewry, press, banks, police, artists, salon-dwellers all stamp their feet, get annoyed, fulminate and curse. What are they waiting for? What are these worms all pleasuring themselves over? Paris going to the dogs? By declaring this War? It's a great shame! So? Shit! There's no more love! Whimsical, cowardly, pretentious bunch of cattle! Suspicions? Questions? Since when are the French cattle allowed to have suspicions? Where did they get this pertinence from? Mistrust? Many times? They think they're a part of this all of sudden? Would he like them all for himself? That's the last straw! Ah! To hear the same old murmuring? All this filth is insane isn't it? All this squalid contrarianism? What about honour? Respect for those getting in the way? No? Honour before everything! French meat… The soft meat… forty bits of livestock, perfectly stocked, guarded by the Jew, does that exist anymore? Cursed! Guarded abattoirs, all on record since '89! Lodges upon Lodges! Discovered! Covered again! Sold off! Twenty Times! A hundred times! Auctioned! Sent to the frontline! Put in the cemeteries, by one hundred dizzying operations! A thousand Covenant Treaties, discreet, hermetic and solemn. Paris of meat, are you denying your past as a butchery? The fastest, the most amiable, the easiest way to carryout massacres for the highest bidder? Shameless rotten France! Spoiled carcass! You collapse into the mass graves before everyone else! The abattoir is calling! History proves all of this! Idiot France, you're being arranged into little bits of debris! A dish of kidneys, remains and brains! Served piping

hot! Idlers jumping about the place! Trembling carcasses! In full depots! How good all of this is to reflect upon! Fantastic! Irresistible! All the blood outside! Flowers to guns! Chrysanthemums to guns! Blums to guns! Oh how we'd like to avenge you, revenge at last! These meddling Jews! All in fury! Incredible! Clingy, vampiric Jews who feed off these awful Germans, programmatic monsters! Isn't this the whole point of the Heroic agenda, the entire patriotic dream is to become Franco-Jewish? What sort of fly stung you? You're arguing and quibbling? You're cussing my words! Just like real Jews do! That's it! Seditious outrage! Shame on them! Jump up! Waltz! Get up and dance! We admire you! We're watching you! Finally! We hold you in high esteem! Aryans! 25 centuries of Jewry are controlling you until you get completely ripped open, one more time at the Jewish command! What are you waiting for Liberal France (liberal since the Masonry of '93) France the joyous, carefree as you're getting turned into mince-meat? What? Louder? Let's dress you up again, Paris La Villette! Because all of this you're going to be heaped up like shit! France, full of entrails, what are you waiting for? Before you end up in the delicatessen? Replace all of your piping hot vital organs? Suffer haemorrhages and get collected up in pots of meat? Come back in loads of sausage skins? Heaps of meat? Tank-fodder? Let's talk a little, get a bit annoyed, and let me tell you, they see it happening in all the ghettos. The friends of the so-called "liberal France" don't recognise you anymore! Do you dare deny it any more? Three times? We can resurrect Joan of Arc? To save Blum? Bavard saves Rotschild! Barrès saves Litvinov! Good God! Look what you get out of it! Long live Benesh! Long Live Déroulède! Long live Dreyfus! Just like the minister insists, Jean Zay, for him, for her!

What ingrates we are! Enthusiasm for the peritoneum? Pity! O evasive villains! Do you dare respond to our democratic friends? To our dear Messiahs? The French rejects! Do we have to send you two million more Jews from the Balkans where they had ten thousand martyrs because of your cowardice! Of course! Don't mistake them for the Czechs these heroic, Jewish martyrs! Never confuse the two! And of course, what about the two and a half million that you've taken in since 1914 and admirably adopted, cosseted, fattened up and spoilt with your sustenance? Will we have to go into hyperinflation to get all of that stuff back, development after all of these massive sacrifices? That'll turn you on won't it? Do you give a shit about any of this? You know all the music, you say… very good! Very good! Relax darlings! Calm down you horny bastards! You're going to be busted soon! Who'll be the first! Be patient! You're all getting in the way! Wriggle about, worthless fucks! You're like prunes in the face of the inevitable, let me tell you that the fatal, supreme crusade will wipe you all out! The Antifascist Youpignolle![3] The most monstrous, gigantic and liberating slaughter that the world has ever seen. The slaughterers blame themselves, the executioners go from Palestine to Kamtchatka, from Barcelona to Danzig.

Thousands upon thousands of burnings, let me tell you will ravage this earth, until there's only scoria left. The mother of the Serbs isn't dead yet, she just spread across Europe, with a thousand conflicts popping up all over the place (more so than even the Czechs) Tell me news! We'll give you a load of provoking, unstoppable, very skilful surprises.

Never, I repeat, here, there and everywhere our avenues have never had more determined Jewish rats swarming about the place. All the ruins are prepared. We're on our way to the mass-graves in our hundreds!

Without Shame! Jewish propaganda upon Jewish propaganda! Patriotic slogans, gullible people. Honour everywhere, the Jews come from everywhere! A universal harangue! Bogus stories!

Nothing possibly will let us talk about your precious abattoirs! Give it up! All the Aryans will commit suicide! Nothing to hold on to! Nothing to chew on! No escape! All the gold in the world has possessed you! A demagogy of predicators, leaders, mouths, police are bigger, stronger and more irresistible than the poor, puerile Aryans who are going to get massacred! And so? Its done! Since '93! The nooses and garrottes are ready for all the necks, especially the reluctant ones! The most enthusiastic will be stunned in this whistle of a revolt, the most miserable are going to die from vice because of it.

The masons are going along with it, the executioners' helpers, Samson's snitches…

You've seen nothing yet, learnt nothing! Lanturlu![4] The first few weeks on the cross are the worst! Afterwards you shout for the hell of it. Madelon! Czechoslovakia! Good Lord! Prague! (Miss Martyr 38) It's done but they'll take back Spain. All the Jews taking our jobs, uncountable they'll be next time, all our cousins, all the jackals will be stamping in your cemeteries, shitting in your beds, fucking your sons, that's it! That's what'll happen! Sing the Youpipignolle! No one shudders in the ranks! Brutes! Scraps! Crumbling junkies! Nothing more in your trousers! Ah! You don't even value the shit of your beloved elders from 1914! They didn't choose these 20 years, dear friends from the cemetery! To throw themselves, crazy with aggression, into the face of gunfire, shellfire and torrents of shrapnel over to Charleroi. All they did was dive in Death's direction. Their youth was only a springboard. Boing! 520,000 corpses in one week. How beautiful. How epic! Can you do better? Everything is there! For the love of our little Belgian barrier! Honour has been well avenged! Misery! Work of the Jews! Admirably stamped! Fitted! Soldered! Pinned together! Well timed. From the Synagogues to the flurry of gunfire in the Flanders! Long live the armed! Long live Vandervelde! Long Live Hysmans! Long live everyone who's starting it all again! Sickly idiots! The mini-Czechoslovakia of the intelligence service, just as deserving and as virtuous as the little Serbia of the Jewish Intelligence Service is only supporting its own sister in this filthy rape. End of story! We're asking for millions of you clowns! For this fantastic virginity! This is clear! Loads of Protestants have already been killed for the virginity (or maybe not) of Virgin Mary! Nothing new! France of Carnage! Take up your hoof! The waltz begins! To the Jewish tune! And the tambourines! Show your courage! Fuck off and go to war! The Jewish brotherhood! Celtic cuckold! Sold off! Fucked over! Screwed over!

Know how to win… die more like!

The French must die for Mandelle!

For Baruch the French must all die!

The Kahal, singing, shows us the way!

Marxist Catechumens! Self-whipping asses!

I'm going; I want it, with a mouth full of rotten verse!

The Jewry echoes our footsteps!

Jealous of our survival!

To share our coffins!

The song ends with our guts sprayed everywhere!

Ah, they're thinking of us over there in New York, they're worried and agitated! Our future worries them! They're all lining up to see us! As quickly as possible! Very soon, all of us in the Ile de France! In trouble! Cheerfully smoking pipes! Sounding the trumpets! Waving flags around! A burst of drums! The path of the dead is splendid! For us, all of our flesh! This is the hope of the democratic crusades! We have the best wishes of all 48 states! Take America as a clear example, it's in the worst conditions, the happiest people, hysteria, drunkenness, deviancy, vain mob-rule, failure, collapse, moral whining, I've never seen somewhere more obscenely delirious than this place, its truly something else.

They'd have to have an even better time, to have miracles, the Americans, to shock me even more. You'd think you've seen it all! Not at all! This time we'll be simple dreamers, dumbfounded humbly in front of the infernal, gigantic manifestations of the Bacchanalian anti-fascist USA, the warmongering Judeo-American propaganda, upholders of the law, Apostolic, crusaders, right to the bitter end (with our legs), furiously democratic, frantically interventionalist, anti-Fritz, anti-everything which could prevent our European meat from falling right away into the burning furnaces of never-ending wars.

It's all about our death, the death of Europeans, of France and Germany, lucrative orders, providential, feverishly anticipated by the American industries, dull and languid for twenty years.

All of these lies everywhere, spread about by the bells of propaganda, must cost a lot, millions per month definitely… we have to get all of this back somehow. Nothing, absolutely nothing, no kind of panic is left out, everything to trigger the most extravagant decisions in the shortest amount of time.

The party is absolutely deafening in this American disorder, what a miracle, all the anti-Nazi, anti-Japanese, anti-Frank, anti-Mussolini is all blown up 'till it's about to explode. Everything that isn't democratic, in other words, that isn't 100% Jewish is held to contempt. The entire city buzzes, rumbles, shivers, cracks, grumbles, screws itself up, comes out with constant insults against Dudule[5], Rome, anything anti-Jewish, against the Japanese… Everything imaginable has been tried a hundredfold, just to get us into battle. Radio, cinema, theatres, periodicals, daily journals (25 pages), false telegrams, everything contributes, adds to it, reinforces it, erupts, blows up and propagates the most virulent message: "Death to the anti-Jews" it's done! We'll never escape!

The operetta has begun, the call for furious propaganda, sacred rage. It starts massacres with its charm, with playful and suave ritornellos and mischievous allusions. Hell has everything. Ah! Us, from the Ile de France, dancing around! It's more than love, its cannibalistic chaos! A hungry, wild delectation, all of our burnt corpses on the fields of the Meuse, in their millions and tens of millions.

They're relying on us, dividing us up, organising, unwrapping, regulating, causing conflict after conflict in Europe, using the maps and transports as guides. Our meat traffic is perfect for the Americans! Meat that's never refrigerated, meat from insane battles, always boiling! Americans are widely accepted as being solemn speakers, friendly talkers, discourse, predications, clumsy parables, excitable, prognostic, trance-like, ecclesiastical reprimands, adjurations, epilepsy, dignitary disapprovals, sorcery, offence, annoyances, seeing us nevertheless as lively, drawling, arguing with the bearers of our mass-graves. The cries keep on day and night, getting more and more loud, frenzied, persistent and pathetic, calling for us to be cast into the historical dustbin without hesitation, to be reduced to meat of legends, in this democratic necropolis. Ah! Bayard, Ah! Verdun. Ah Dixmude. Ah! Joan of Arc! Ah! Clemenceau! We revere you! How we love you! You're in the American clouds! Divinities of our abattoirs! Ah! The most beautiful type! Incomparable! Suffering a hundred thousand tortures in reality! What a favour! All the delights of the Christian circus! For democratic triumph! All martyrs! Inexpressibly grateful to Litvinov! To Barush! To Sasoon! Rotschild! Lazare! Bader! Blum! They've fiddled about with the Goyim and their passions so successfully, they've taken over everything right from the get go, from the humble origins, to the wild, mystical, frenzied gutting. Ah! More disasters! Fuck ups! Long live the tanks! The tanks! The submachine guns! Blowing up limbs, souls, brains, flying around like bullets! Let's have a good old laugh about it!

It's a god send! Profit! It's happening!

New York, the rabid ghetto, fulminating with pressurized democracy, La Guardia[6], Rabbi Weiss, Loeb, Warburg, Barush, Grand democratic-nigger Emirs are literally wasting away for special interests, a bit of biting please! They're forcing us into barbed wire. Just as if it were normal. What are you waiting for? Futile scratchers! Roosevelt-Rosenfeld and Madame First Lady American Jew (Just look at the pictures of her)! They're fucking you over while you're all screaming like little kids! Flying bayonets. Blowing up in your face! Get screwed over cheerfully by the Huns who are facing you.

Go on! Go on! That's it! That's the way of heroes! Only a brief, awful moment and it's over! We don't even have to talk about it! An eternity of perfectly quiet conscience awaits, all done, easy as that. Is this better than that? Your peaceful existence? Insipid filth? I ask you? You're not going to betray your anguished owners in terror are you? Your "so-human"

messianic Jews? That's never been done before, right! Leave the Hitlerian hoards to surge into your valleys, ravage your daughters, your meadows, your plains, your mountains, your bankruptcy, your "One Price", your Citroens, your Lafayettes, your Renaults, you wouldn't right? Before Shell has recovered, before the Mexican eagle rises with a breathtaking boom! No of course! You're well known! Tirelessly brave! Don't lie about the legend to the world! All of the Judeo-gangster USA is scared by the sole thought of you lot getting invaded! This sudden thought puts you on edge, makes you defensive and panicked; they invest in you, conquer you without a fight, like that breathless, Rotschildian land Austria, Those Czechs, it would be the most inexpiable disgrace ever! No judeo-American will be angry about it in a million years.

All your pain for true love comes from a single Jew in Brooklyn! Hold on to it!

Homology! Paris the ghetto! Kosher meat for free! Take up the challenge! Get revenge! God Moloch! Come! Get revenge on Prague! Get revenge on Karlsbad! Paris at the moment is totally responsible more than ever for Jewish pride! For Jewish feudalism! For the global Jewish empire! France, the older sister of the church and the ghetto (same thing). Go on then, roar! Masters of the impassioned readers of the great, optimistic Jewish press! Satisfy your need! Guts around your throat! Impreial vengeance of the grand Jewish Satrap! Ah! Fight! Again and again! All taken away! Coming from the feeblest viscera to for the International Jewish banking system and Intelligence Service! What a little treat! Very working-class! Who snorts at this development?

A Frenchman must die for them!

For them a Frenchman must die!

Recite this ultra-Masonist Marseillaise that you ask for by heart, its sense turns out to be rich and virtuous in an irresistible, liberating way, just as long as you keep right on to the corpse quarry.

O New York! Kahal! Souk! The most clamorous Shylockery! The most insulting, the most trivial, the most materialist and obscene, the most boorish in the world! Following your orders! Irrevocably! Brought on by the grandeur of sacrifice! We're wriggling about in joy at the thought that very soon, as a result of our battles, and our 20 million corpses, you'll find your joy in life again, your delirious prosperity! Swoons of pride! The most amazing, supreme happiness! The jubilant, Kabalic Apotheosis!

Ah! The cruellest of agonies, torn to pieces, the slowest, in the entire world's barbed wire, of all the universe's Goyim, are mere trifles when you think about the result! The American gangsters are leading us into the trenches in time for April! What a godsend! Don't try and kid our American friends. They have their reasons. The most niggering, jewing, petrolised, deadly, banksterish and thieving democrats in the world, they don't trust us, they suspect us of independence. They can't put up with us any longer, idlers, waiting around, wallowing in thoughts, just outside the gates of the grand abattoir. It's no longer bearable! You must understand this.

Tomorrow, they're going to force a whole load of new ideas onto us… reveal to us pretences, reflections, getting us ready for natural death…Ah! Ah! It'll be great! The catastrophe! The squalor! The awful calamity coming from this arrogant bastardisation, these powerful Hebrew villains, the most cowardly, artificial, lying, mischievous, fully settled, clandestine, Masonic, provoking, the most fun, the most ecstatic, and the most unbearable thing of the Jewish world.

Everything that can anger, equip and mobilise the German Hitlerians against the Jews, the Franco-Masons, can't go very far beyond a few murmurs and grumbles compared with the whirlwinds, storms, cyclones of insults, challenges, curses, slander, crazy virulent bile for the benefit of Rome, Berlin, France, Japan which America literally churns out in gusts and surges day in, day out.

You see it most in the USA, you sense the Jewish panic, the crazy anguish which stifles, camouflaged arrogance, at the slightest hint of a universal settling of scores. They talk about it, they sense it, and they squirm in terror, like on the electric chair. "The war against Hitler!" And right away! Reunification, watchword, hasty magic, Evangelisation of all American Jewry, fantastically democratic!

The war, get this, the European war, the Asian war, with all the Judeo-American vows, of all the astounded, miraculous upstarts, fills up and completes all of the ghettos, everyone wriggling about in profits, from Hollywood to Long Island. The high cards like sky-scrapers [sic], all in dazzling neon, spelling it all out with some efforts! The most beautiful names, you lot getting gutted and boiled until you're just "unknown," democratic manure, rubbish, fermented into shitty souvenirs.

All the Rabbis in mystic crises are trying to revive Jehovah! Making us endure more Verduns! The magnificent mass graves! Full of butchers of the Goyim! This godsend just happens to be the same noble solution to all the other problems as well! The much needed boost to failing industry, the solution to the collapsed economies, the guaranteed return to lucrative and jubilant prosperity! The three radios, six cars, four refrigerators, the seven telephones all have three thousand Jewish foyers and the super-television! All this is prestigious! By the insane squall of the highest salaries, they shit on us all! The delirious dancing in the factories! It's all fraud with credit! All packaged up, tainted, perfectly controlled, all the joy is linked to Jewish wallets, the perfect control in a "instalment plan". The American magic flows in large waves! GO one step further! Triboustin! You have your fodder! Your sacrifice! The ideal! Spill the blood! Take heart! La Gouarec's trousers! Kergut! Malidoine Arthur! Durand Léon! Let's waste the Germans! Death to the Czechs! Put the badges on! In God's name! Heroes! Don't leave anyone out! Screw the peasants! We no longer have to wait for Jewellery from Hollywood to Philadelphia! In the 48 States! Until everything becomes rich! Until the economy booms again! It's unheard of! Unimaginable splendour! Jewellery rains on us like shrapnel! From a machine gun! That's the American solution!

Broadway suffers! The hopeless crisis! It's all your fault! Lidoire Gaston! Angel Phillipe! Triboustin Paul! Dugommier Jean! Your self-esteem doesn't suffer does it? You stay somewhere where no one can get to you while the entire world escalates into skirmishes.

Ange Phillipe, Pershing doesn't recognise you anymore! He doesn't like what you're doing. Roosevelt only sees the world through your eyes…It's a felony…You have no shame in just sitting around here getting drunk, chatting insipidly, whilst Samuel Cohen suffers, that anxious democrat, 100% American, the cruelties of the slump, worrying and worrying? You got to decide for us Ange Phillipe! At least wipe us French out, two or three times over, so you'd then be forced to learn to be good, sacrificial and fraternal again. Look over your democratic duties and our universal rights of France to get some of your credibility back and justify your existence.

Samuel Cohen from Brooklyn, that spoilt American prick, that democrat who's a member of Rotary International, (The real Babbitt)[7] he's told admirably about everything that concerns us, by a very special office entitled "Informations Françaises." You couldn't think of anything more dishonourable, cowardly and backhanded than this prone-to-crime-and-war institution, passing off as something democratic like shit hiding beneath a surface. And this is happening openly in New York! All of it's only worth a big load of spit for its deception and cheek.

A little intellectual ghetto, of cackling newspaper writers, a foul bunch of international opinions all preparing us for the next load of deaths. A liaison ghetto made up of French Jews, thirsty for powers, who are all gagging for the next load of massacres. You're paying the zealous officials responsible for this fantastically shameless and pernicious distribution of false news with your tax money. (16,000 to 30,000 for each awful one). For this price, you can imagine that these really well paid propagandists are also behind all of our literature, behind everything American, giving a new name to all of our Sciences and Arts…

Alas! That's not the case!

The amount that they get paid themselves is extraordinary. Even if they still did nothing at all, the evil wouldn't be immense, they could just feast in silence, it would only be a few of the brighter Jews playing around with a few eminent people in a diplomatic dive somewhere. I wouldn't be talking about them with you if they behaved decently, if they were reserved and modest and were aware of their own hopelessness. But it's not like that! But these venomous people are all counting on your courage in combat, your exuberance in war, your vengefulness, your feverishness and irresistible drive to take Hitler out, bring him to his knees, in the most spectacular way possible… with force, this'll happen…with impunity, these infernal people are secreted, produced, spawned and spewed out by that cursed French Information office and sent over to New York by the American press, it's all spoilt and stuck here for ever, believe me.

No one in France knows about this extravagant, fabulous, comic-tragic conspiracy of provocations (they're the next victims themselves) apart from a few complicit Jews and Masons responsible for foreign affairs.

For example, have a think about this bit of bravery a little, the filth espoused by the head of this office of grand contamination, the Dr (?) Robert Valeur. Does this name ring any bells? Me neither. In any case, everything's been decided in New York since 7 May 1938. Look at how well everything's been organised, at this time, at this place, here, there and in the entire world:

"It is obvious that Germany's intention is to dominate central Europe, if she succeeds, even by peaceful means, another world war would be inevitable. The French MPs have all decided that maintaining peace at the price of a Germanic Mitteleuropa wouldn't last a long time anyway, the crisis would just be postponed and saved up for another time when the conditions are even less favourable than today. (May 1938) The French Army is at its strongest since the war, and, almost certainly stronger than the current German Army. All the French are shivering at the thought of seeing their army in action, but Hitler doesn't have to take this restraint as proof that France isn't prepared to fight. Only a clear determination to fight will stop Hitler, he will not be influenced by the so-called realistic Government policy etc…etc…

They know the endgame in New York offices… They are up to date with recent events. You've got away with it since the end of May, sleepwalkers! What a fuck-up! Some other time!

The French live and die in full confidence, trusting, for confidence's sake. That's enough for them. What's brewing abroad, in their name, they don't give a fuck about. They're not going to go over there, to question it, to check for themselves, they're fine staying in the embassies. Their guts are already everywhere, that's the most moving flag, the true emblem of France, a soldier's guts. There's nothing purer, more exciting, more invigorating, which gives more hope to the Americans than a heroic schmuck's guts.

The soldier's guts make the world go round! Many, many times! For the triumph of democracy! Until the ultimate consumption of viscera in the worst, most glorious of battles, the brave guts of French soldiers, the most courageous guts in the world. You won't be able to find the same skin after it's been served up, carried around and exploited for the glorious Jews, for their fastidious sovereignty, their jealous honour.

A paradox. He cares about people, but is miserly like a rat, the French people, the natives, when you tease them with cash, they lose all their values and morals and become awful people, pieces of shit who treat you horribly. They're going to put you to the sword. But on the other hand, if you put their bodies and skin under threat, the only thing that people value when it comes down to it, you'll get no objection, not even a slight bit of resistance, not a word against it, just kindness, you can get them to do anything, ask anything, take anything from them.

"Knock, Knock, Knock"

"Who is it?"

"Can you hear the Marseillaise, Durand, my dear?"

"Yeah I can! Loud and clear! Who's singing it?"

"It's me, Samuel Lodgeman! Prosperman Levy! Your adorable Jews! Your dear Messiahs! Your little rascals!"

"Ah! Those angels! They're spoiling me! Ah! In God's Name! Ah! Even Better! Way Better! Hurrying me into battle! On this very morning! That's the spirit! How tender! How thoughtful! The alluring, martial dawn serenade! Again! Again! You could say I'm touched! I want it! I want it! Faster! I love it! I want it all! Battles! Charges! For me! They're murdering each other! This blissful joy in killing makes me high! It's too much! I'm bursting! Exploding[8] into a thousand pieces of grateful fury! I'm too brave even for myself! I can't contain myself further! Open me out! Immediately! In a burst! I'm setting myself ablaze in an alarming, heroic and impatient explosion! I've swallowed hell! Messiman Levy promised me the happiness of man! I want to know everything! Light everything up! I want to enjoy every aspect of it! Like terrific shrapnel ending life! Fire and gold!

In the enormous bacchanalian American propagandist machine, New York cinema is giving it its all. You can expect that. The films spew out democratic hatred. Showing us all of the fantastic, fascist filth, irrefutably, whilst showcasing, on the other hand a burning admiration for the armies of democratic knights, who are very pacifist and protect the oppressed, defending us against the oncoming threat, a rampart of Republican and Masonic democratic liberty. It's only Nazi, fascist, Japanese, Spanish, Italian atrocities and dismembered old people, torn apart children, blown up cities, hideousness, rubble and breathless martyrs and the Anti-Jewish beast which is talked about. Atrocious theft, diabolical rush. Three hours of this permanent spectacle. We're force-fed this catastrophic stuff. Fortunately, the antidote for all this is evil! That's what they tell us. They ask… how do we save and protect democratic freedoms? What way? What remedy? I ask you, who can democrats count on? Smart guy! Ah! It's getting through to you! You're starting to learn your lesson… but in exchange for your meat! Saint Nitouche! On behalf of the democratic, European armies! Armed with such a great defensive and vengeful spirit! So courageous! With their excellent Marshals! They're so Masonic! So marvellously effective and well trained to flourish in all military situations, fighting eagerly to defend the cemeteries, the mass graves, the cinches and the funeral monuments. You're going over there like you're taking Lorraine back! Dumb French! Charming anticipation! Send Sambre and Meuse![9] Arms aloft! Arms down with the brave Russians! Get ready, the soldiers of "democratic" Russia… Nuance. Stalin, the "iron man of democracy"! Giant portrait. And the splendid Chinese army! And Tchang-Kai-Chek! Our not-less-democratic, magnificent ally! All for the Crusades! Finally all the democratic phalanges, fearless in battle, impossible to hold them back!… And out of all of them, the bravest, most supreme Czechoslovakian, Republican army, (literally) the biggest fear of totalitarian tyrants. You're ready! The always moving figures of Masaryk, of Benès. Olympian, things, sealed, secretive, reprobates, False witnesses, Cursed executors of the great Jewish destiny. Wild hypocrites, criminals, pompous deviants, fanatics, bringers of carnage. Bringing all of this propaganda into the light, this liberating impact as Roosevelt-Rosenfeld is being presented as! Bouquet! In person! The highest compliments! His whole mouth! His whole grimace! His totally stupid contortion! Spouting rubbish! Just a monkey shouting out rubbish! Always more and more outrageous! Getting bigger and worse! In the foreground! It's fascinating! Entrancing! Admonishing! Alluring! Hypnotising! He's completely slippery! That

abomination! It rumbles and stirs! This Niagara of splutters! It booms! They want us to hurl ourselves into the cataclysm straight away! Purification! Fascism too! They all say the same things over and over! They mistrust us when we think about things and reflect upon the details.

Our duty calls us to the frontline, oh yeah, shit! There you go! That is the question![10] And it's completely irrefutable! It's even more formal now that Mr Pétain is honouring the courage of the previous fighters, the current fighters and the future dead! Mr Rosenfeld! All he talks about is a global union against fascism! Meaning, he can only think of things on a global scale! This dubious splutterer[11] is a true Cyclops! He presents to us so eloquently the immense, the infinite! He speaks to us! He announces to us! He promises us that if we overcome our torpor, this global purging, we'll come out well and truly triumphant and witness the liberating triumph of democracy, which we all know and love, the blazing fire of submachine guns, for at least another two centuries or so! These treats will exceed all of our expectations! That's how they boast! They win! Let's celebrate right away! Celebrating all the way from Vladivostok to Bécon! The future's ours! Roosevelt's prepared it for us! He insists on it…Ah! It's been prepared for us! Nothing to refute! A totally bloody, ruptured future, swarming with flies, deliciously cadaverous. He's dotted all his I's, Roosevelt-Rosenfeld! That can't start the history of little Belgium over again! Tiny little hard-working Czechoslovakia understands the torture and hypocritical conspiracy of the Masaryk-Benesh ghetto! If you don't get out, take up your bayonets! They're going to enslave your little sister, the vile bastards! The disgrace! Listen to Hitler's filth that's already known around here, tense, sharp, foaming at the door.

It's revolting for pure souls, like Roosevelt… Sassoon, Litvinov, all similar-looking perverts! Ah! You only have one minute to cause this catastrophe! The seeping out of Lodges across Mittel Europa! The inexpiable calamity! It gets worse! To the depots! Overflowing with imperious joy! To the raging giant! Joyous hoards reeking of murder and onions!

Ah! It's because of these nuanced comments, insidious philosophies, these booming insults, this searing scalding; these roaring provocations, these massive urgent warnings, and their intentions are revealed.

In less ambiguous times that you see in any film you could have easily found the motifs of 12 to 15 ultimatums. The "casus-belli" plain to see. Personally I find Hitler, Mussolini and Franco to be all good-natured and generous, very much so I believe, they should get the Nobel prize outside the competition, with honours!

This will probably not go on forever; the double-edged sword falls down occasionally. I would prefer taking on Roosevelt myself and big things like the Atlantic, all in vitriol.

But it's all too much to hope for in this world.

The adorable thing is that 100 steps away from these terrible "filmasseries"[12], on 42nd Street West, the famous "Burlesques" (coined by Minsky) are gleaming with glory, in full brightness and flamboyantly; they're a sort of casino like thing, Judeo-Byzantinian of course, with no intrinsic, artistic element, but outright sadistic, openly erotic, debauched and masturbatory. Kasbahs charging 50 cents a seat, the client pays up, gets chucked out, "next please!", exhausted, tongue hanging out, had a quick cum, poisoned sperm, the Jewish trap has worked, it's obvious its blackmail, not difficult to find out, you get it straight away, it's like sex but fake, these stupid bitches are faked, by all sorts of splendid artists, these upsetting creatures that make you want to jack off until you die, you can see them all, brunettes, blondes, thick legs, skinny legs, redheads, skinny girls, fat girls, hot girls, flouncy ones, savages, chubby ones, vampires, dazzling ones, every taste you can think of. A diabolical assortment of shining carnations. With high sex-appeal, convulsing in sensual, moving ways. Presenting themselves, crawling, dancing, ecstatic hypnosis… accompanied by fantastic, insistent, booming, shameless music. Packed with La Tentalerie.[13]

These debaucheries are only offered after never-ending, very reticent stripping, coming, going, twisting, views of behinds, wriggling arses, fondling, fiddling, frenzied charms, an explosion of sensations, delirious crowds, all these marvellous tribulations and treasures are all guarded well…that's going to go badly! That's going to go too well! Scenes like this only happen in New York. They won't be allowed anywhere else, the censors only let them through if they're presented as "French performances," typical, authentic, French spectacles. All this rubbish is based on our revolting ways, our famous degeneracy, our obscene indulgences, and our mental, monstrous customs, all legendary. Mr La Guardia, the Jewish mayor of New York thinks they're great, really educational and true examples of social preservation. (Things that adults should all know anyway!) The French ambassador also has the same opinion, the same well known guy who is head of the Office of French Mormations and Crusade films. Its all a closed cycle. A Franco-American link which I just don't get. We're all going to go to the Burlesques, just like monkeys go to plant gardens, to joke around, fuck around, piss about, masturbate along with them, suffer their horrid priapism. You wouldn't ask monkeys to be reserved in their morals would you? So you don't ask us either! On the contrary! It would be a gross deception in America if we were caught one day being anything other than disgusting, haunted by parsnips,[14] hallucinating about stupid bitches, overcome with ejaculations, in every way possible, in the most grotesque, disgraceful, the best, and the most French ways, the most picturesque way to look at.

Anyway, to be more certain, to guarantee things, at the door of each Music Hall, is a beautiful clown, with make-up, dressed up like a Hussar, parading, shouting, creating a buzz in the 42nd. "Come in, come in! You'll love it, you won't miss your 50 cents! You're going to see, ladies and gentlemen, the best spectacle in France! The unforgettable spectacle! Completely French! The most authentic! The official!… The passionate life of the French! A spectacle that every American must see! You can only see this in Paris! France's capital! Come in!" We've sunk so low in the world's opinion (full of images of us doing the cancan), that the Jewish gangsters, who are a load of shit, can pay 50 cents to force-feed us. They don't even bother doing it to the poorer dagos, abject people, not even the Japanese, Mexicans or even the craziest Muslims. They're scared of the publicity.

But for us? Not to worry, France and America go hand in hand don't they? Maurois, Herzog, Pétain, Lebrun, Chambrun, etc…Even if they're wrong or have nothing to fear, everyone still knows we're shit.

There's nothing to hide, the Judeo-Americans (i.e. all of America) don't think much of us, won't worry about us until the bugle sounds our deaths, we're so corrupt already, on our way to the butcheries of redemption, the grand abattoirs of battle.

During these rare flamboyant occasions, our vices are pardoned, our awful defects, our notorious meanness. As long as the barbarism continues, everything's fine, that's amnesty for you! Complete carnage! Mass-graves! That's the order of the day!

The gangsters of the dollar appear at first glance very indulgent. It wipes the slate clean. It keeps us going on in wartime. In peacetime it's like tweezers, a permanent set of stocks.

Mr Banda, Maurois, Jouhaux, Max Lintran and another three or four, the privileged, Jewish by birth, or by construction, a few Marshal commanders, America thinks of us only as pimps, ruffians and panhandlers. That's it. Our women, who are even more servile than ever will sell themselves for a tip, for any cavalier, old person, chitter-chatter, rotten sale, they're happy to do anything if you let them.

They try to make themselves amiable, they try to defend themselves, unbeatable ones! OK, now back to the article…

Other “Burlesques”

An interview with Benoit Frachon and the fat Jew Johaux, returning from America: (30 September 1938)

“You spent a few days in New York exactly when the Hitler-Chamberlain-Diderot agreement on Czechoslovakia became known to the public, how did America react to this?”

“America was stunned by this scandalous attitude of the French government. This gross negligence was condemned. We were bombarded with questions. Every one of them ended with: “But tell us, this doesn’t accord with the opinion of the French public does it?” They reply: the French, who we love, aren’t going to abandon the fight for democracy and peace, are they?””

Naturally, this is our stance.

I saw men of political influence let out a sigh of relief when they got one of Juhaux’s buddies at the United Press to say:

“The French workers would never accept such a thing, even the Hall of Deputies to whom you must submit this absurd plan.”

How many Jews and Masons were asking these questions? That is the question? How many Jewish manufacturers of the war were among the “sighs of relief”? Definitely Barush, the true Emperor of the USA, the biggest manufacturer of the World War.

Yet another spectacle which you absolutely can’t miss. The departure from Normandy to New York. Normandy! Triumph of our contributions! Out of 3000 people, 2500 are Jews! All of the “Aryans” are subjected to the French genius! The most pretentious of our deficits! We are prestigious men! The most vicious! The Jewish rats of the World are more nonchalant than we’ve ever seen anywhere else, the most exorbitant fashions, and caviar from all of our extra money. It’s more than just passion, it’s true Jewish mania, climbing, swarming about, sniffing around, chewing on the magic of luxury, all the Talmudic opulence in the enormous trough. You could say that the worst of the Jewish rats, the most pernicious with their cash, the most vile chose Normandy, the gigantic paunch, fantastic in all its gold, to be the belly button of the next deluge. It’s really true that it well and truly represents the Jew.

How can you picture it? Imagine the Champs-Elysees on a boat… but it’s been turned completely Jewish, gilded in gold, supremely, sold off for billionaires for hash. The Champs-Elysees bolted and locked up in the most colossal, spectacular, the most Jewish safe in the world.

Cabins? In equally as amazing caskets, with all of the souks around them, port, starboard, over, under, in gold! Boutiques, terraces, barbers, swimming pools, phone lines, bars upon bars all coated in gold! Puppies, music, manicures, captains, slaves, all in gold! Placated in gold! Set in gold! Melting with gold! Gold everywhere!… You feed yourself with gold, you gorge yourself in gold, puke it up again, throw it up, faint because of it.

Go little boy!

Gold awaits!

It’s gleaming everywhere, it’s pissing gold, the happy people are getting ill because of it, and they’re overfed, scoffing it all up.

The doctor with all his gold, uses all of his gold to soften your guts, which have been clogged up with gold, to filter off excess gold, that’s blocking you (Ha! Ha!) intimate pipes, divine suffering! Your bowels are evacuated, with a golden smile, a precious piece of shit, containing at least 500 carats… It’s no wonder they adore this commerce. Ah! They’re insane in the brain, it’s thousands of times more miraculous than all the Mayflowers of Ben Normandy, the phenomenal, gigantic floating swelling, the transatlantic gut of the one Jew. There couldn’t be more class warfare for us, but for the Jews, everything’s ok. They’re happy, fulfilled, triumphant, blooming. It’s heaven! It’s ecstasy! They’re having a great time. “The divine swarm,” the Mayflower suites… unanimous, the communion of gold! Class warfare is for us. Amongst Jews: its healthy competition, admiration but never hatred. Wendel always, never Rotschild! All the Jewishness in a trance, waves of panic, of omnipotence, gorging for five days and nights without stopping, the tribe scrambling for the pickings with more and more formidable menus, roaring with ecstasy, transubstantiation, crayfish, golden yellowtail, golden artichokes, even spinach, chicken with strawberries, golden. Can’t think of any more. This debauchery makes the giant seas flow from coast to coast. The stingiest are buried threefold under sheets of gold in the most exclusive, hyper-luxurious boudoirs with a load of gold. The most exquisite, jubilant frenzy, curtains in golden corridors, salons with terraces, getting golder and golder as they go along, more and more Jewish, flowing, blooming, a preposterous amount of gold. “Shylocks’ 1001 nights” cages of crystal and gold! The Jewish dream of Paradise! In your hand, there, decent, tangible, drinkable, edible, shittable! Heavenly Ultra-souks! The masterchef of French tastes, pride of our pavilion! Decorated entirely in a Jewish way! Tradition! Prestige! That’s it! Three colours! Four! Fucking gold that swallows everything! Synthesis of the French Jews! Of the French Jewish nation!

Taxpayers! You’re dumber than Louis XIV, at least he profited from Versailles. He stayed there. You’re much worse, you had those posh palaces built, many extravagant places which racked up huge deficits, more so than the Grand Trianon just to house your rats. You’re easier to fool than Louis XIV’s subjects. The French feast, the pigs, the delights, dedicated to the gourd of Mammon.

That’s just for the crew…

The rabbis at New York harbour don’t bother with some things…they aren’t that crazy…They know occult symbols…the Ben Normandy signals…it’s only cocaine they care about…they know very well that each trip is a stitch in the framework… they don’t get it wrong…they arrive singing every time the anchor lifts… each departure, they are there, and not alone I assure you, always with their crusading clique, all the bards of their synagogues, and as time goes by this continues, they sing, scream and shout out in Yiddish, their mouths are wild, possessed, awful, convulsed, beneath the bridge… A scene of the wild Sabbath…The rabbi, the one who’s leading the chorus. He shouts out in torment, he roars… they all follow him straight away, those who stay and those who go…loads of tragic sobs, extremely loud, piercing complaints, rallies, just as they’re leaving, it’s worse than heartbreak…

Full speed ahead captain!

There we go! You can go! You have everything you need! This yacht is beautiful! It's full of apostles! Raging! The Saint-Pierre! The people all there are rotting in gold, by the force of the gold! In the force of the gold!

You don't have to exaggerate. The Judeo-American gangsters may scream and shout, but it's not really them who determine the really serious things, those who to all the Jewry. Not at all! In the global, political, Jewish Councils who decide everything, Washington doesn't count for much. The Judeo-American political personnel show themselves to be fools without names. They don't have the right to speak. It's the hypocrites in London who have the upper hand, absolute power, (with the Intelligence Service) of war and peace. Washington only argues with their lowly people with their tinned food, drunk on the dollar, their old boorish, exhibitionist adventurers, illiterate retirees with their senile ways.

Washington-the-fool doesn't ever dare take part in any of the major global initiatives. It's always London that does everything in its dashing, diabolical, underhanded, moralist way.

It's London that also controls Moscow and its perverse criminality, their gangbang of spontaneous confessions, just as many, no more, no less do they turn to the Orient, our non-sovereign Lodges, our ministerial trebuchets, our stinking French Democracy, all that the wise Londoners ask the depraved, obtuse Judeo-Americans, those brutal kids for is their cotton, their cinema, their planes, their massive amount of oil, their gold, their 70% of world industry, their unique load of junk, their preposterous propaganda, their bluffs. That's it. Material when you want. Their bullshit when you want. No more.

We never ask for their ideas, certainly not ideas worthy of thanks. The Judeo-Americans are famously stupid, appallingly silly, look at Roosevelt, Otto Khan, Morgenthau, Barush, Rosenthal, Filène… Look at those idiots…Stupidity personified! London avoids their ideas like the plague. The Judeo-Americans only does what the City tells them, to sell their shitty goods, straight away, all their junk, their debt, their stinking oil, their noise, their films, we just tell them where to put it all…

All the decisions, on war and peace come from London.

He didn't send any one to come and tell us. He said it out loud himself, Maréchal Pétain. What's he got to lose?

"Veterans! Fall in! Grogneugneu![15] Everyone's asleep! Snoring in the ranks! Peace has made you all soft! Wallowing! You've lost your courage! Losers! You've been corrupted by material possessions! By the delicacies of victory! Look! Shit! Fucking blood! It's sickening to watch you enjoy yourselves like this! It can't go on! I can't take it! You need challenges! You need something to do! A first-rate recovery! France's fate is in your hands! Motherland! Yours! It's going badly! Sacred energy! Sparks will fly! I'll make sure of it! Communion of souls! Of motivated people! Motherland! It's yours! To the frontline! Fighters! For the fate of France!…"

"What? What? Hang on a minute Mr Maréchal, you're just doing this for pleasure, Mr Maréchal, for good reasons, but bad causes, you're confusing the two! Perverse Maréchal! It's not possible to take in all of this monstrous stuff; you're shaking horribly Mr Maréchal! We have to tell you! France's fate? It's not in the hands of the fighters, Mr Maréchal, it never was and it isn't now! At Peace! At Peace! The fate of France is down to the Jews, more precisely down to the awful Loeb, Barush, Roosevelt, Rotschild, Montagu Norman, Sinclair, the "Intelligence" Service!… more rabbi conspirators, Sassoon Lange, Litvinov, Weiss… but the veterans, certainly not now and not ever have had anything to say about it… In the grand scheme of things, they're worth fuck all! All they can do is fool themselves, throw themselves into grand massacres, the spattering of blood flows to all four corners of the globe, all of their flesh mutilated, in mass graves, in grand furnaces belonging to

Judas, served warm to the sub-machine guns, the ravished Yids! We don't even ask them the colour of their robes. We just need to know their numbers, the rest is just useless!

They promise, they laugh, enough said.

Caesar: The Celts.

Let's be serious for a bit, let's talk about our future. When will the next "ending" be? The very last one? Ten years at most.

The specialists tell us that they've made great progress on defence, but not so much on attack. In comparison it's shit. The offence will fail, freeze up in battle. It's done…the machine guns of the new regime are invincible, unbreakable. Therefore, prolonged, costly, convoluted conflicts with many casualties are annihilating for all concerned. The next one will cost us at least 25 million fatalities, as many civilians as soldiers. This is the best-case scenario, taking all the bombs, shellfire, disease etc…

This is the best brave France can hope for, doomed and mortal. We're going to deploy our heroic soldiers on four or five fronts. Whether we emerge as conquerors or the defeated, it will be the same for us in the end. We'll be completely reduced to nothing, France annihilated by the extinction of the French! They've bled too much, the French since '89. They lose 100,000 soldiers a year, as a result of Malthusianism. They have no more children, a war above the market?

This won't be the "final battle," it will be the final butchery, insanity drenched in blood, torrential, demented, exhaustive blood. A blank haemorrhage. I can diagnose this myself, I'm a doctor and I have the right to.

No one cares about what's going to happen, since in every single way, we're going to disappear, go astray. It doesn't interest us, victory, defeat, because in any case, we're not going to see the outcome of either, we're going to pass away long before this, stamped out, crushed, crumbled by enthusiastic annoyance, the freedom-fighting, fulminating crusaders. You won't even be able to find our ashes because we'll be completely wiped out. Our souls and bodies will disappear from this place, way before the last battle of the Motherland, we'll go up in smoke! We'll just be mere memories, fairytales drenched in blood. At the end of the next war, we will have seen it all; it will be so pointless that you won't be able to remember who started it or why it started in the first place.

The French won't exist any more; it won't be a great loss, futile hullabaloo, disgusting as far as any idiocy is concerned.

Our body and soul will disappear from this place like the Gauls, these dumb heroes, our grand heritage is all for nothing, the worst sort of Christians. They left us fewer than twenty words of their language. As for us, if the word "shit" lives on after us that would be pretty funny.

With our pitiful birth-date, our overt decadence, our failing bodies, our degrading race mixing, our spiritual atrophy, our out-of-control alcoholism, we can't afford the luxury of another war. That's for sure.

War, whatever kind of war, victorious or not is suicide for us, it's all the same. The next enlisting, one too many, you can see it now: "Do your bit" "Your bit for your country" in the National Union, for the national conscience. Our native population, already so dangerously bastardised by the crusading niggers, African-Asians, the influence of the mad Jews, the Masonic Confucianism, racial betrayal, the degeneracy of this "sublimely humanitarian religion" won't oppose two years of systematic murder.

The French, since the beginning, since the War in the East, are literally going to end up in catastrophe, there won't be a trace left of them. Yet another cleansing just like 1914, that'll be the end of all the livestock. "The hairy Gauls," as they're called, then "the bald Gauls" and then the "Gauls in the cemeteries". Very simply. The indigenous fire will burn itself out without any hope of returning.

You have to say at the end of the day. This can't possibly amount to anything, but it's pleasant.

At the point where we're at now, in extreme racial peril, biological peril, in complete anarchy, this shitty cancer where we find ourselves as far as the eye can see, stagnant, all that remains, all that survives of the French population should be legitimately patriotic, infinitely precious, intangible and sacred. To preserve, to maintain at any cost, any act of baseness, compromise, ruse, machination, bluff, negotiation or crime. Only the result matters. Fuck the rest! Raison D'Etat! The most underhanded, the most cunning, the least glorious, the least flattering, but allows us to avoid another war. Nothing matters but allowing this to last. Avoiding the war is the most important. The war for us, is the end of the music, it's the definitive victory of the Jewish mass-grave.

We have to resist the war which the Jews are trying to start more fervently. The Jews are getting excited, with tenacity, Talmudic, unanimous, an infernal procession; we haven't resisted them aside from a few moos here and there.

We're going into the Jewish war. We're as good as dead. We've descended to such a degree of stupor, of abject decrepitude, that even the instinct of conversation abandons us, it's a disgrace. There's not a sole patriot in France, they've all been sold off, and they're cowards, rotten, devoid of so-called honour, won over by Masonic fear-mongering, scared-stiff, by the Jews, fear of eating, fear of losing one's appetite, of sleeping, breathing, your girlfriend, the postman, the concierge, the jacket, your boyfriend, half-price fares, my impressionable citizens, the rain-soaked queue outside the cinema, their small heads, the greatest legion of honour!

Like the patriots we no longer have, this terrible bunch of respectable people in rupture, marshals or not, auctioneers at all the ballot boxes, academics, crippled by remunerations, interchangeable puppets, ventriloquists espousing betrayals, collectors in crooked hats, more pleasing to the eye than baldness. But this won't stop; it quavers, bawls out, swaying from one wind to the next. It blocks everything. It blocks everything.

This is the infinity of coming and going, of the Cemetery Tribune, prosecutors sworn to all the butcheries of history. Like these sheep at the Vilette who are put up there, the "doublers" who are putting their friends to the sword, indefinitely, to the swarm, through all the corridors, passages…

Are you going to ask Mr Bedain, Suez-Weygand, Lebrun Daladier, Cachin and the rest of them to start over, right away and abandon the ideals of the Yiddish Intelligence Service? Why not the moon? Or the closure of Lodges? They can't do anything but agree with all the fundamental issues! They follow Public Opinion, these useless people, these old Sirs, the universal conscience, just like Paris-Soir, L'Humanité, Le Figaro, Regards, Marie-Claire, Candide, La Croix, L'Officiel.[16]

They're thinking entirely about the primordial questions, like everyone in France, like Mr La Rocque, Rotschild, Wendel, Marin, Mendel, Doirot, Mauriac, Lebrun, Thorez, like Mr Lazare, Verdier, Johaux, Stern, Bader, Dimitrof… like the Pope. It's a choir! It's an ensemble! Singing along to the same melody, admirable conformists, with the odd variation here and there.

They talk about everything, these important people, apart from things which concern us… and with such an eloquence! They talk about nothing pertinent!

They conform in silence, to the grand Jewish directive. To the Kike Intelligence Service, it's their silent business. They talk in order to say nothing. They are paid, they are spoilt, and they are encouraged to say nothing. All their words are silent. They all have the same telephone, and fundamentally the same agenda. When war breaks out, they'll listen to the orders, they'll execute people without argument, completely and thoroughly, zealously, silently, with astounding discourse, they'll call for the meat to come rolling in, the efficient delivery of an impeccable conscience, when its time to fight, as much as they can. We're as good as sirloin, in the conformist boutique.

The French abroad do not look for each other,

They try to not hate or destroy themselves as best they can.

No sense of solidarity. During the occupations abroad,

They denounce themselves.

In our failed democracies, patriotic leaders are no more. Instead we have insolent impostors, people who prattle on, promising us "benefits," some little, some great in pleasure; they're "benefit pimps." They hypnotise the horde of hopeful people, wildly optimistic, into believing in a whole load of "benefits". Choosing a specific party or plan is like picking out something from an "advert," you choose the product in the shop based on the "benefits" that it promises you. I know people, truly free spirits who are at the same time Marxists, members of the Croix-de-Feu,[17] Franco-Masons, trade unionists, and who are despite everything, still in favour of priests looking after their children. They're reasonable friends, not crazy people, who just lose sight of the big picture, defending the system, the Ideologues of the Lottery, more specifically the French. There's no need to be ashamed of these people.

We've had it. Any shitty effort…all useless…no more magic is possible. No re-establishment is possible. It's over. It's collapsed. It's all screwed up, left to right. Only strewn guts everywhere. Just conflicts of ego, merciless, all the Jews do is rig, screw things over, irritate us, stir shit, choke us, drag everyone down, all for their own profit. The grand Jewish conspiracy is the world's only successful civilization. We don't have patriots any more. It's a shame for the cattle; we've never actually had any good patriots. We never had the time. We've been betrayed over and over so much that we haven't even had time to breathe…between one war and the next.

We've been trafficked around, sold off like pork, like dogs, to some foreign, governmental power or other for political gains which are always disastrous. Our leaders have always been, apart from a few exceptions, at the mercy of foreigners. There have never been any real national leaders, it's been more or less Masons, Jesuits, Papists, Jews, depending on the era, the trends of the moment, dynasties, marriages, revolutions, insurrections, betrayals, always traitors. Never have our leaders been generous. The Mazarins, the half-Talleyrands, the Mirabeaux, the Vergennes, the Briands, the Poincarés, Jaurés, Clemenceaux, Blums pollute our history.

We're the snobs, the crazy product of annihilation by betrayal.

These days, courage, exultance, the madness of our leaders, the valiant knights fighting for our "patriotism," marshals or not are simply following the tradition of betrayal, serving up our meat, economically and fanatically to foreign powers. This makes them a lot of money. It's a done deal, the only "right things" they're doing is going from glory to glory, gorging themselves desperately and insolently, gobbling up in large mouthfuls, copiously all the guarantees of the state, limitless, getting rid of any restraints, remunerations, savings, percentages, legions, cordons! It's ok! That's how it goes! That's how honour and consecrations work! There are more underhanded things to sort out in clandestine meetings! More and more venerable! Caresses everywhere! Invincible! Said the P. P. to the Invalids, Elysium to the Pantheon.

No one in France has ever won apart from traitors, suck-ups, and clowns. Empty people.

A sentiment of sacrificial kindness reigns beneath all of this meat, of submission, in the worst butcheries, an extremely disgusting fatalism towards the abattoirs. Who cooks up, propagates, disseminates, spreads this I ask you, who heralds it, pedestalizes it, masculinizes it and makes this filth sacred? You don't have to look! Our farcical, patriotic, impostor Patriots, our nationalist racket, our jackal-like provocateurs, our thieving Masons, internationalists, shady people, Communists, Patriots who sell off everything, who lie, who provoke and flog everything, dealing everything in meat; the pimps of catastrophes. Patriots of overfilled cemeteries. True, little apocalyptic scorpions who don't do anything but cook us and swallow us up in flood after flood.

Our national and personal lives are the least of their worries; they couldn't give a fuck about them, needless to say! They don't even think they exist! They only think about us in terms of cannon fodder. It's even inflammatory, trivial, revolting for us to question the enlistment, the madness or even asking why we're killing ourselves. All this fuss in front of the abattoir? That's just an anti-democratic, anti-humanitarian, anti-progressive disgrace. It's anti-everything! They don't care about our little personal lives, let alone our collective existence. I'm not talking about race here, fuck that! We don't even take up a tiny space in the Patriots' minds when they do stuff. They never think about what might happen to us, in the fantasies of war, we're just contingent, there's no Aristocrat worse than a Venerable Franco-Mason detaching our meat from things. For the patriots in charge, it's only glory that matters, the proud tradition of French courage. Our skin? That never bothers them! It's just a monstrous preoccupation, ready for the next slaughter! All these explanations are just veritable insults! These details! These analyses! It's all just rubbish on the underside of the patriots' shoes! They take offence! They treat us like we're obscene!

In the trashiest dance-halls, the dirtiest brothels, there are questions you never ask, things you can't say.

Always, everywhere, there's etiquette, you should know this, and you should remember this.

If I were mayor of Paris, I would only put up one poster. If I were education minister, I'd only teach one lesson. If I were king of restaurants, I would only serve one starter but for everyone.

If I were prince of newspapers, I'd only publish one article. If I were Emperor of songs, I'd only sing one. It would be everywhere, always the same, on banners, brass-bands, in coils, with eunuch flutes, in porn.

They should teach me it!

They should remember it! They should rebel with it! Let it embrace them, egg them on, they should be enthusiastic in communicative fervour.

The next will be the last!

Gnières! Gnières! Gnières!

It will be the suicide of the nation!

Gnières! Gnières! Gnons![18]

They who learn it don’t understand!

Gnières! Gnières! Gnières!

Cuckolds on the wagons!

Gnières! Gnières! Gnons!

They’ll never return!

Gnières! Gnières! Gnières!

All the corpses are idiots!

Gnières! Gnières! Gnons!

For the next gay war!

Gnières! Gnières! Gnières!

For the next joy! Laugh!

Gnières! Gnières! Gnons!

(Emphasis on the last “Gnons”)

These are discussions that kill races. The next war will well and truly be the last! Gnières! Gnières! Gnières! And for the best of reasons! No one will escape! All will be said! Peace from the void.

A pact with the Devil! A treaty! Twenty treaties! Hand them over to the Jews! The Masons! The Pope! The whole lyre! Peace will happen! Peace! Good God!

Find some trust, a rhythm, and music for these people, and a sort of lyricist gibberish. A God! Wherever he comes from! A soul! The body follows! You don’t ask for his opinion! Take it or leave it!

Hunt the death of spirits, take it to the devil and crush the heads of those who resist, those who can't stop talking. Victorious or not, it's the same fate either way. Crushed, pulverised, cut up on five frontiers. This sad fucked up country, shot from the front, from behind, will be just a gaseous, horrific carcass in three months. Invaded, submerged, broken by twenty hordes, she'll never recover. Turned inside out, tormented, dislocated, smashed into pieces, unleashed into fifty battles, it's fatal, and she'll be killed before the great victory. She won't last long. There won't be anything left after the bombardments, the trampling of a thousand flanks, bombs, tanks, stylish offensives. Nothing at all. Wiped out. Not counting the rest of the casualties from the last butchery, the non-combatant vampires, all the gangrene, to the end.

We'll die if the fascists win, Germans, Italians, Spanish, Mocos. We'll die if the Allies win, the democratic victory, the Jews' victory. It's always the same, one way or another, our blood will be spilt. Another victory like '18 and it's over, the destruction of the native heritage, the destruction of the final thousand ghettos where the French Empire remains. You're just going to lumber us with more shit, Communists! Filled up with Jewry! Ruptured cancers! Smug cunts! Incoercible suckers! Dumb pricks! If you survive this! If a single vesper survives! That would be a miracle! You'd have to tell me about that!… They'll play jacks with your ossicles and sell them on the flea market! Let me tell you! Your successors, your heirs, your brothers of the Coalition, your antifascist ossicles, heroic liberators, will sell you at the flea market!

It will be finally the good life of Touraine in the Cote D'Azur for all of the persecuted hordes. We've promised them that for centuries! Swarms of Afro-Asians, Middle-Easterners, Ultra-Democrats, Egalitarians, Law Dogs, Avengers, Super-Humans, Soviets, All of them swallow up the French, chaotically blowing the Jewish trumpet! The Armeno-Croat rabble, Bourbijane, [19] Valacoids, Aremnos, Romanos! The whole Balkan Punchinello madly up in arms with triumph! You'll be saved soldiers! The biggest display of swindling ever seen! It's going to rain down on you profusely after the democratic victory, on your fields, countryside, it's going to knock over your mountains, so much so that they're going to empty your towns, your liberated cities! Your last shops! Your Kids! They're going to fuck your sons over! Your friends! It'll be a Kabalic Party! The home of Paradise for all the Yids! The great hooligans all marching to the tune of the Marseillaise! Let's have a good laugh for two minutes! You're going to shrivel up, be reduced to zero. You'll be deleted, vaporised. There are still millions, upon millions, upon millions of others who are the same as you and you forget them with your rotten singing, your rubbish, you'll be crammed in and eaten by rabid rats, pestilent, sticky, immoral, persecuted, necrophagic, democratic martyrs, who are going to eat away at you from the innermost depths of the East.[20] Think! Think about them… they're always thinking! Thinking about you! In the Ural valleys! In Budapest! The vermin, they're literally bursting with an abundance of the oppressed! All this leads to is a tear and then a torrential break out! Bursting through the dykes, drowning your words, considerations, your dumb fields! And your twittering bird! It will drown them all! All the Souks! All The Bousbirs! All The Khans! All the Kasbahs! All the Saharans! All the Gippos! All the Communists coming from all the stinking, diseased holes of the world, coming together as one and unleashing their ravaging fraud upon everyone, the democratic avalanche of the infidels, bringing 50 centuries of famine upon you! Ah! This is how it will go! Will go! Will go! They're going to hang us all from lampposts! Watch out, France! Heroes! Yea or nay? Do we have to kick you into the graves? In the Proud Nation of carcasses? Do I need to be clearer on this? It's not too early for you to understand it! Look a little beneath the surface! Please! Kindly get out of here… we can't see you like this, hesitating, indecisive, messing around, from one bit of zinc to the next…The Marshal Petarin,[21] he's ashamed of your little ways, very materialist to say the least, he thinks you're all preoccupied with material possessions! Ah! Fie! Ah! Yuck! The horror! Bunch of repulsive cads! Vile, ungrateful veterans! It's not like Mr Suez-Weygand! He at least kept the flame of supreme sacrifices! He'll light it for you himself.

The Marshal Petarin doesn't want you to end up like cowards, paralyzed, dying natural deaths. He wants you to take guard passionately! He's all laurels! He's irresitable Petarin! The most enthusiastic guardian of heroic cemeteries, of the French cemetery, he's at his peak as the apogee of the ossuary, Petarin!

"Fall in! Take heed! Phantoms! I inaugurate you! Petertarin of the Necropolis! Phantoms! In unity!"

"Mr Daladier just accepted

The presidency of the Israelite

Protection League in Central Europe.”

Newspapers.

All things considered I think the Blums are a lot less dangerous than the Daladiers. The crowd’s all behind Daladier, they tell themselves: “At least, this guy is a true Frenchman!” There’s your mistake! A Mason is more Syrian, Dago or Protestant than French; he’s a Jew, a synthetic Jew. Jew to the core. He belongs wholly to the Jews, body and soul.

He stopped being Aryan, a part of us, when he sold himself to the Lodges.

In spirit, at heart, he’s a foreigner, an enemy, a spy, a jackass, a provocateur, a slave to the global Jewry. In the secrets of the affair, or not even in those secrets, looking at his rank and his talent, whether he’s close to the sun or far from it, he’s still a Jew at heart. A Mason can’t understand or obey anything that isn’t occult codes, orders of the global Jewry, the global Jewish Banking system or the Jewish Intelligence Service.

He might go on about the “national” interest, that doesn’t stop anything, he sold out, he’s cursed, he’s rotten to the core, and he’s completely controlled by the International Jews, by the clandestine scum, the global on-going Massacre. Unforgettable traitor, however cunning, however conscious, treacherous, shameful, terrorised, how sly he is, all the matters to us is he’s a racial homosexual, rotten, an assassin.

All the Masonic activity will end, implacably in the grand Aryan abattoirs, ’93,’70,’14, Spain, the next time. Workers of the triangle.[22] All Masonic activity, great or small is all about preparing, guiding us, setting us up, sending the Aryan masses to the most ridiculous slaughter, its patriotic, vengeful, revolutionary, and crusader-like and it’s becoming more and more obvious.

The Franco-Masons work for the Jews, as harbingers, organizers, propagandists, enraged with decadence, with the break up of the Aryan race by suicidal killings which get more and more gigantic, staggering, pitiful and astounding. It doesn’t matter who we see in charge of the Masons, whether it’s Daladier, Flandin, Ribot, Jouhaux or Viviani, we’re going to end up in the abattoirs anyway. Blum will do no more and no less. It’s the same gang, the same whores. The same people sending off our meat at the right time, the Jewish hour, to death, into the fire, into the Jewish mass-graves which are more and more luxurious, call it defensive, call it humanitarian, call it pacifist, call it liberating, call it Communist, call it Anti-Nazi, call it, call it, call it, etc…

If he wanted to sort things out, like he said, Daladier, he wouldn’t need 500 separate decrees; he only needs to do three things, only three good, effective measures:

1. Get rid of the Jews.
2. A ban on all secret societies and Lodges.
3. Mandatory, constant care of all invalids, people hard of hearing etc…

The day when all these things are declared, written down in black and white, it would be possible to consider that the President of the Council has become one of us again and that the French have become sovereign. But this isn't possible before this happens.

Until shown otherwise, in the current state of affairs, we're all, the President included, we're just a big flowing, repulsive mess; crooked, shitty, diseased, spineless rabble that makes you want to vomit, fucking idiots, damned to be slaves, to be mediocre, to follow Jewish slogans, carcasses in abeyance, easy for all of the pack to sniff us out, a providence for all the jackals of the universe. A true dead monster.

The national union can't be anything but a con, an Apotheosis of grave-diggers. Twenty million dead, wrinkled fists, clenched.

The Fascist states don't want war. They have nothing to gain from it. Everything to lose. If peace lasted three or four more years, all the states in Europe would turn Fascist, right away. Why? Because the Fascist states would form under us, amongst Aryan people, without gold, Jews, Franco-Masons, the bastard socialist agenda, which the Jews and the Communists support – none of this would be there.

Even if you're overflowing with gold, copper, wheat, wool and petrol and owned every fantastic mechanical device in the world, every richness, every treasure imaginable: if the demagogy is pulling the strings, you'll come to nothing eventually, you'll get ruined as you go along, you'll succumb to materialism and get outbid. Nothing can save you. You won't have time to do anything, only wars and revolutions. Your masses won't give you any time. All you'll see in front of you is open mouths and hanging tongues. You won't build or finish anything. You won't be able to found anything, you'll be undermined by your own workers. You'll collapse in your own building site, you'll only produce ruins. Your jealous, corrupt, "rational," mundane, materialistic masses will have more influence than all of your building projects put together; you'd only be allowed to distribute your most productive and innovative things in an egalitarian fashion. You're screwed. Nothing will save you. You won't be able to do what you want to do. You can promise, über-promise and promise again, you can shower them in promises and you'll satisfy no-one. You'll be outcast by 100,000 liars. The rage, the emotional blackmail and the materialistic delirium wins out every time and why's that? These hundred thousand crooked, the worst of them, the most shameful, the most cocky, the fakest and even the people in your own backyard will win in the end.

Your own system of producing riches, factories, mines: the corporations form, just like everything else because of the sickness of the people, in the delirious, populist bulimia.

The materialistic mind condemns us to infinite destruction, materialistic philosophy; materialistic poetry leads us to suicide by material, in the material. All the prosaic relentlessness for material is just there to dissolve us, to recapture us; the people who are in love with the material are cursed. When the man creates material he kills himself.

Aspiritual, de-poetisized people (The hammer and sickle lot)[23] are cursed. Monstrous chaos, virulent, confined anarchists, sickened by their chromosomes in the early stages of cancer; their destiny is just decomposition, a slow, grotesque, atrocious decomposition. The Mystics of the Republic don't have a respectable soul; they're the shameful products of frog's heads, the juice of epileptoids, of Kabalic Satraps in disguise, plotting to destroy us all.

Why hide it from us? Soviets, Democrats, Franco-Masons, bankrupt Republics, all with Jewish brothels, hundreds of conspiracies, subsidised by the great global deception, of the fantastic Jewish orgy, where all of our efforts of virtue, hope, as soon as we try any of that, it ends up in infection, filth and the Jewish cadavers. Rotten by materialism, obsessed with "things", of luxury, ponderable things, reasonable things, edible, rollable, sellable, buyable, materials have consumed us, spoiled us, banalised, dummed us down, made us tasteless, doomed to throw up whatever we encounter.

Spiritually, we've been reduced to nothing, appalling, bored to death. All of our art proves this. Since the renaissance, just like clockwork, we've managed to churn out, with a few futile variations, the same old sentimental shit (they tell us they're eternal, sentimental values!) Love, Love again! Less love! More love! This dumb rage in all its forms: Jelousies…caresses…tenderness…sadness…perpetually…this "charnaile" fear, all of these banal hard-ons for this ejaculatory, mystical travesty! The same old shit? Our soul! All of our spiritual pride? Love!… More love! Love again! Rotten with love! Without ever leaving us alone, without thinking about it, believing in it. Obscene, grotesque without knowing it, pompously, without thinking, The llamas in all their crass shit and their little prayer wheels, without thinking, majestically.

The little impish cat, jumping in front of the door knows itself better than us with the 10,000 secrets in the world. We have become the stupidest and the most troublesome species created. Materialistic to the core, trapped in a stiff dogma for utilitarian ends. Everyone condemns us.

We don't play anymore; we simply use everything to destroy us quicker.

What do you offer us? What do you allow us to do? Answer us quickly you Jews!

I offer you cars, radios, full of strawberries, ties, sights, loaves, gills, gunfire, jealousy and graves.

Cheap wine, cinema and circuses.

It was the Masons under order from the Jew Ximenès who guillotined Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. The most grandiose, Masonic plan every carried out be Israel and done very quickly, triumphantly before Samson's glasses[24], the Jew.

Mr Veto promised!

Mrs Veto promised!

You promised, Masons of Lodge 38, much more! Since Mr Veto, you haven't stopped promising things, you exalted, fanaticized, brewed up all the egalitarian hatred and all the passions which consumed everything immediately. Anything tangible above all! Anything material! Everything that can swallow up, consume, take over, monopolize, ingest, you created an insatiable lust for materialism that the crowd can't resist.

Apostles of good-living, the crowd will consume you, you at once.

You are at the end of promises. You've already given away everything that doesn't belong to you and then a whole lot more.

The masses demand substance. They're sick of your words! 150 years of words! You can't take them back. You're the next "substance". You yourself! Pay Up! Ah! If you hadn't have promised anything but sacrifice! You might have been able to explain yourself, to save yourself. But you promised everything to eat, everything which you can just shit out again! Problem is you have nothing shittable left in your boutique, apart from yourself. You, who for the last 150 years haven't stopped going on about engineering, human rights, boorishness, materialism, ambition and shit, you're going to get served marvellously! Shithead! You're promised to the revolutionary dogs themselves! Exorbitant, absurd, pompous, clumsy cancer, you've committed the fatal error right from the beginning, the worst, inexpiable error, he glorified guts over everything else, exaled, adored, praised, worshipped the guts.

Guts will always be man's shame; you could never make an emotional "Credo" out of it, a noble title. Never. It's always an error to use guts as a shield, guts will always be the most ridiculous aspect of our servitude, the most pitiful filth we have. We've done it very well. Nature is cruel. Man will hate you forever, for having led him by the guts, by his cheapest cuts, Man wants to be cared for, caressed, persecuted, for his dream, nothing but his dream! It's his hobby! Even the most digested, chewed up, trashiest of men are always full of mystical pretensions. All the sophisticated, materialistic dialectics are just unrefined mistakes, convoluted apologies for shit, maladjusted, nothing fearful.

Nothing that frees, cheers up or makes Man dance. All you see is beings of the worst baseness, doomed people, intestinal maniacs, boorish folk, bulimic, aggressive, screwed up, digested, scavengers, smashed up faces, underneath this shelter, falling in love with every maniacal utilitarian programme, disguised as "humanitarian interventions". Rabelais was wrong. Guts don't keep the world turning, they screw it up. Cursed be the guts! France can only think about its guts. It's impossible and stupid to wait for the panacea, civilization redeemed from its guts, holding the record for the biggest piece of shit. It's madness! The most exalted carcass, the juiciest, the most rotten; the most copious can't give birth to anything but worms.

You can say Man lives off dead bodies, however, despite all that, worms still fuck him. The seducers of materialism, for once, talked too lowly of Man. That's almost impossible! Too low in the rot, where the preposterous failure of the Masonic, Jewish, Soviet, democratic, rationalist system comes from. Calamitous trickery, errors, more and more epileptic fits, yelling, obscenity.

Bankrupt! Bent! Sold off! Fucked off! Hideous! Enough! Off to the colony!

You've never made anyone dance! You're incapable! Fateful! Impossible! You're exasperating this entire earth with your lies! You'll die by those lies! You will die! We'll swallow you up. The masses will turn you to shit, your beloved masses.

The infamous, egalitarian, civil, brotherly "soziolochie"[25] is trumpeted and blasted across the airwaves from every door of the Jewish Satrapy: The USSR, Hungary, Barcelona, Mexico (all banksters). It's only followers of Fascism who put up any resistance amongst Aryans to counter the Jews and the Masons.

Who threw Rotschild in jail? It wasn't Dadalier, it was Hitler.

In this new era, the “renaissance” of Marxists who take part in this verbal subterfuge are known to have taken part in the tearing apart, the sacrifice and the impaling of Aryans, countless massacres, awful slaughters, brutal torture and destruction of everything which isn’t Jewish or thinks Jewish.

Who did the most for the working man? It wasn’t Stalin, It was Hitler.

All of the wars and revolutions are massacring Aryans orchestrated by the Jews. The negroid, Jewish destroyer, the roaring parasite, the cretin-virulent parodist, has repeatedly shown itself incapable of civilising even the smallest part of the flea-infested Middle East. Only 15 of their Abrahamic straw huts are needed to wreak pestilence, damnation and contamination in their fantastic way, rendering all of Africa and Europe inhabitable.

And while these awful monkeys, to whom we vociferously beg, are re-creating all the States of the world, reforming our traditions, virtues, vices and souls, why aren’t we immediately asking the laughing hyena of the zoo for his recipes of idealism? The rattlesnake for his devotion? The sewer rat for his magic?

The Jews, racially, are monsters, insane hybrids, mongrels, which must go away. Everything they do, everything they plot is cursed. They are all gangrenous bastards, devastators, rotten people. The Jews have never been persecuted by the Aryans. They persecuted themselves. They’re a result of their own making, their race-mixing of their hybrid flesh. Where does this state of fake asceticism come from? This self-righteous moralism? This arrogance? This extravagant nerve? This euphoric conceit, this bawling insolence which is so disgusting and repugnant?

Of course, they can’t be responsible for all of this. But that’s no reason to make us suffer for all of their flaws and faults. That would be far too complacent, it must be said.

The ethnic minorities who populated this world are, despite everything, far from disappearing, wiping themselves out and assimilating. According to the Masonic doctrine, they are affirming themselves, through growth and race-mixing, each one becoming prominent, becoming more and more distinguished. We’re not heading towards the disappearance of races, but towards the exaltation of different races, biological exaltation, very natural. We have to give into this law, this trend, or fuck off. No compromise: “Become or fuck off”, the natural law of the “biological” future. The races do not exist, they become. Aryans, the Aryan rejects are more and more Aryan, the yellows are more and more yellow, the hybrid, grotesque Jews (just look at their faces!) more and more Jewish.

The Jews have to go, they’re struggling, revolting, they’re clinging on. They’re far from being wiped out, they’re monopolising despite everything. They won’t give anything up, they want to take everything, and if they can’t do that, they’ll destroy everything. They won’t allow anything which isn’t theirs. They want to be everything. They’re delirious impostors, maniacal bringers of pain, a cancerous, condemned tyranny, taking the world to the woodshed.

The Jewish ideal is nothing but an epileptic, belligerent fantasy, alienated by its grandeur. The Jew can’t think of anything or conceive any universe beyond universal enslavement, everyone completely at their mercy, silent and compliant, always ready to be shipped off to the next penal colony, the next furnace, the next Apocalypse. With the anguish of being caught out, isolated and unmasked, the hybrid Jew won’t stop stunning, startling and flabbergasting the masses in every detail, in depth, with the aid of its hypnotic uproar, with their furious, vengeful protests, their outcries of outrage, their prophetic bragging, incantatory fury.

The Jew is mad with anguish and will send us all mad. The Jew manages that by constant preaching and chatting.

The global Jewish comedy: Come in! Come in! Come and see it! The terrible evil and marvellous virtues of Israel! Playing to an ultra-packed house! It's worth thinking about the only spectacle these days which is successful, which pleases the crowd. A few good, sad spirits, fragile people, little pouters are saying that theatre is dead! That it's dead! Bollocks! Twaddle! Never has it been bigger! The terrible evils replace, erase all of the preceding, now-obsolete comedies. This is the important fact, it's done. This has to be said, you have to admit it. If the crowd join in? They give themselves body and soul. Never, at any time in history, the Middle Age for example, has the crowd been so sincere, docile, devoted and dumbfounded! If all this makes people go evil? They'll want more of it! They'll die for it! They'll kill themselves in the name of all this madness!

All of these figurations, frenzied murders, stir them all up, not completely from scratch! For real! All of this music! Comes from all the battles! All the murders! They besiege all of the butchery! They rally them into battle. For all the terrible evils and marvellous virtues, millions and millions have been massacred and tomorrow it won't be over, it will be tens of millions who die from this enthusiastic crowd, who'll shear us right down to the last person. Who's talking about the Theatre crisis? Who's blind to it? Who's conned by it? We've haven't seen this for centuries, on the contrary, what a frenzy this theatre is! Comedy! A most astute mystery! Staggering! Heroically luxurious! Most horrific! Raining blood! Humming with theatrical posing! Completely unanimous! Ah! There you go! More unanimous!

Israel, the Priapic jailer, the bluffer, the failure, perilous tyrant, donkey, stinging hornet, they have an inconceivable, unimaginable hatred. It's just like certain birds, you can't hear some of their cries because they whistle too high, shrill and strident for our ears to hear. It's out of range. The Jew is just the same in one sense: their hatred is too strong for any of us to sense. It doesn't tire us out apart from when we think about it. In their case it doesn't…actually, their appearance should warn us, their viscous mouths, octopus-like looks. But you don't stare at them much. You avoid them. You look anyway.

Billionaires always shiver, the cursed Israel triumphs, they're not content with our presence; they find us insulting, just because we exist, with our "white-like" mannerisms. One of their chromosomes makes them paranoi, just by seeing us coming and going… they'll let our women go, just as long as they can fuck loads of them and they can suck them off. But for us males, we're fucked, no pardon for us. They're devoted to their hatred, obsessed, bastardised, hybridised, inexpiable, irrevocable, infinite. The perpetual, gnawing delirium. A cosmic hatred, because of this one chromosome, because of this quarter chromosome which is fucked, tainted, evil, bent and twisted.

Israel might let us off, if we suck up to them in the end, forgive our insolences, but not this quarter chromosome. This millionth of a frizzy hair. Never.

If they needed floods of Arabic perfume to get rid of a few traces of villainous infamy, that which had previously troubled Lady Macbeth, a few wars wouldn't be too bad, spilling all of our blood to wipe away the stains that chromosomes of Israel have made.

All Hitler did was whisper their fantastic, little programme into their ear: called Marxism (which Engels did by the way, Marx ripped it off). He made it even worse with his take on racism.

How? How? Insolence! The Horror! The Aryan, his cowardly nature, so docile, infinitely plastic, always sucking up to Jewish interests, as the Jewish knife noses about, dibbles around, squashes, spreads around across infinity, the perfect food for commerce, par excellence, for all of the traffic of war and peace, any Jewish thing can slice, slit, produce, gush out, exchange, degrade and turn anything into shit, that's what they're doing to the masses at the moment, in the blink of an eye! Revolt! Suddenly! The pussy rebellion! The insurrection of the eternal faggots! This has never been seen before! Heard of or even thought about! Never! The pussy Aryan who turns racist, tough, hostile, uncompromising, Nazi! Ah the filth! Not since Tiberius has Israel been met with such opposition or endured any harsher rebellion.

Before Hitler came along, Jews thought all this racism was pretty normal. They thought it OK even to be racist themselves, largely, openly, fraudulently. This wasn't because there are more Semites out there than there is butter in the clouds. But because of underhanded, parasitic, revolutionary, destructive, hateful and disgusting Franco-Masonic hybrids.

The Jewish religion is a racist religion, or to put it better, a meticulous fanaticism, it's methodical, anti-Aryan, pseudo-racist. The minute that racism stopped working, i.e in the Jewish sense, for the benefit of the Jews, all the Jews immediately took up arms, threw fire and flames at it, said it was awful, exorbitant, a crime. All racism is now is just an awful, disgusting subterfuge to rob the Jews, a charade of regressive, stinking prejudices, confined to the locker rooms, the second hand clothes-shops, it's capitalism at bay, a refuge of anti-humans who need to be burned alive immediately, reduced to ashes right away. A sinister devilment. The fate, the future, the survival of the world depends on the speed of this operation. For the sake of the anti-racist faith! Set up the pyre! Racist bastards!

Aryan racism? Yuck! What a scandal! Who made up that shit? How degenerate! A negation of all our social and moral progress, made up by the Masonic philosophers over the course of centuries! And the Rights of Man? Fuck that! And all of our traditions? (Jews eating Aryans?) And fifty centuries of the indigenous people getting fucked over? And a hundred thousand decent traditions? A plague has swarmed us! Brown! Yellow! Green! Violet! Foam! Yuck! Obscene, crazy shit!

Whether we lock them up! Cut them up! Do them in! Whip them in the face! Until they spatter blood! Until it splashes everywhere! Ah! You're going to respect me now are you? You Jewish followers? Fuck off! Reshaping humanity with the most tender of plans and persuasive exhortations! Damned bullshit! Do you still love your philosophers? Your Jews? Your angels? It's time! It's before five! You're going to feel sorry for them now, in God's name! Your beloved tormentors! Fucking cunts! After they fuck you over?

Ah! Such beautiful words! Clear, simple, moving, straight from the heart!

No, Christians can't be Anti-Semitic,

We recognize the right of anyone who wants to defend

Their interests. But Anti-Semitism is

Inadmissible. We are spiritually Semites.

The Holy Father,

The Times, September 1938

It’s insane to dare say this to the Jews so clearly:

“Solomon! Give Up! That isn’t on! I don’t want to fight anymore for you! It’s done! The hero’s mother has just died! Don’t even try! No more! Stop messing about with it! Fuck all! Enough! Throw yourselves in front of the train! And Hitler’s people too! You’re stupid! Vicious! You stink! You plot! You disgust me! Fuck off! This will be your disinfection!

But being the polite gentlemen we are, kind people don’t talk this way. They speak rhetorically, they understand all the casuist arguments, they understand all 300 ways, all the precocious things to drive them forward, fuck people over. They never miss a trick, being courteous, mastering the dialectic.

The great democratic flux, the salivating mouths have cooled their body and souls. They come back all alone at first. Then more of them come back, crueller, greater in number, demanding more, and we love them ever the more for it.

In this drunken haze, we don’t even know which torturers we’d prefer? Jews from Hungary? Masons from Pest? Ashkenazies from Krakow? Killers from the Levant? Marranos from Lisbon? People from Tartar, Kyrgyzstan? Huns? Hottentots, that’s to be decided. Couldn’t give a fuck.

We’re promised another five hundred thousand from Evian, on top of the two million we have already. It’s a divine light. It’s genius…

Around 1850 when Ricord was teaching, just look at the clientele in the hospitals, all that syphilis, magnificent mutilated wounds, dilapidations and ailments. Just like in an amphitheatre. These are the scenes going down after of the syphilis outbreak.

Ricord was in the clinic one day, with a particularly sick patient, gangrenous, screwed up all over, his testicles and scrotum all cut up, full of gangrene.

He told this guy to jump up, get up, on the spot… just like that! Get up! Jump my friend! Jump again! Again! Spread your legs! Needless to say he fell over, all of him; he convulsed, convulsed again and fell to the ground.

It’s just the same for nations when they become rotten to the core. All the Jews are telling them to jump up, jump around and get up. Until they collapse in a heap. Everything goes, falls down. We sweep them aside, it’s done.

Funny memories.

Franco-Masonry in full swing, just before ’89. “Under Louis XVI, there was a great sense of camaraderie on the warships between the officers and their subjects, leading to the latter questioning the orders they were given…the subordinates were talking about how the ship should move, the leaders, who got uneasy, decided to give into them rather than become enemies with them.

It was precisely this lapse of discipline that cost France her rule over the Indians. In 1782 and 1783, the French fleet, which was greater in number and commanded by the most skilled admirals they'd ever had, Suffren took part in four battles against the English squadron in the Indian Ocean, and they were indecisive in each one because the captains refused to obey Suffren's orders, they weren't working as a cohesive squadron, but each followed their own whims.

"I'm broken-hearted," wrote Suffren, "Looking back on this terrible defection, it's awful to know that I could have destroyed all four English squadrons but yet they're still around."

"Even if we'd been more decisive in just one of these battles, the English communications upon which they relied in India would have been completely cut off, this lack of discipline cost France the empire."

Majors Eliot and Dupuy:

"If war comes…"[26]

Amusing news:

Masonry 1938, in full swing. Just before the Grand Global Triumph of the Jews (1889 but worse).

"Let's have more of that surrendering spirit! The fate of Jews around the word depends on this fight against fascism, no one can deny that Jews have become the stakes between fascism and anti-fascism."

Bernard Lipschitz-Lecache: The Right to Live.[27]

Lipschitz at least can't fool anyone! Humanity, the people, or even the day!

But the Partie Socialiste Française, Colonel de la Rocque's ghetto? That's the excellent work of the Lodges! In the best Masonic tradition: simulacra! Rotten reforms! States General! Plots! Les Amis des Amis de tous[28]… etc…

"I call upon all the Israelites, and God knows whether we have many of these dear people amongst our ranks."

La Rocque: Lyonnais discourse.

The colonel-Major of this Rocque-Ghetto:

Carvalo (Jew) secretary general of Mr de la Rocque, put there “by coincidence”.

1. Pfeiffer: former secretary of the Radical party, the Fraco-Mason eyes and ears.

Silbert (Jew) in charge of press, his real name is Silberberg.

Wormser (Jew) director of accounts (bought off by the “Petit Journal”[29])

Barrachin, director of politics, is a part of that Jew family: Lazare-Weiller.

Robbe-Cohen, head of the Parti Socialiste Francaise parliamentarians, whose mother is Jewish (on the Cohen side)

Devaud, deputy of the Parti Socialiste Francaise, married to a Jew (in the Gougenheim family)

Lange (Jew) editor of the “Petit Journal”

Treich (Jew) editor of the “Petit Journal”

Thibaut, son of the violinist Jacques Thibaut, whose mother is Jewish (from the Goldsmith family)

Schwob (who calls himself Hérincourt) (Jew) silent partner of the P.J.[30] (3,000 actions) ex V.N. in the 16th district of Paris.

Sternberg (who calls himself Armella) (Jew) silent parter of the P.J. (1,100 actions) ex V.N. in the 16th district of Paris.

Javal (Jew) silent partner of the P.J. (1,500 actions)

Historiography of Colonel Ghetto: Henri Malherbe, real name Grünwald.

It’s plausible that a day later, the colonel Ghetto will become leader of the world, with help from the war; an simple prophecy.

Colonel Ghetto is being paid, by the services of the same Israeli racket that's paying Blum, Cachin, Thorez, Verdier and Lebrun.

No difference. Just as many departmental heads in the same, grand, Masonic institution. Nothing can separate them.

Me I couldn't care less what he says, that Ferdinand, he's mad, knows fuck all, he's drunk, his gabbing makes us sick, he has nothing reasonable to say!

When you come across those wonderful bottles of mustard gas, arsenic and poison, just as you're about to release it all, are you going to tell me that's ok? Does heaven really approve of such a judicial act?

When we come to cut you up, reduce you to paste and screw up your limbs…

On visiting Ipatiev's house a few

Days after the awful tragedy, the

Tax collector of the Czarevitch[31], Mr Pierre Gilliard,

Found on the side of a window,

"The Tsar's favourite sign (the swastika)

Drawn everywhere like a lucky charm".

He drew it in pencil with the date of his

Arrival next to it: 17th April 1918. The same

Sign was written on the wallpaper above the bed.

The Times, 20th July 1938

Aryans, you got to tell every Jew you meet that if you were in there place, you'd definitely be a Nazi. They think you're really stupid for having understood nothing. And furthermore the more you prove you're being nice to them, the more they hate you, of course.

They're constantly asking whether this'll last for good…

They don't like seeing you face to face. They squint at you from a long way off, in secret, like they do with maniacs, at an angle, while they're doing something else, not giving a fuck about anything, distancing themselves from the chaos.

I propose a decree: Work is inhumane during digestion.

Commoners, workers, peasants, stop scratching yourselves, messing about, and stretching out for a second, stop pretending you're in with the Socialists, the Communists and the fanatical egalitarians, you're nothing of the sort. No more than Mr Johaux, Blum, Stalin, Mr Lebrun or Mr Bader, less even than a coalman.

You're all just one for all, vengeful, hypocritical, devastating and jealous.

All you're waiting for is the cue from the "professional" journalists so you can go along with the whole thing and help yourselves, treat yourselves, asking a few personal favours for yourselves and getting back at a few personal enemies. Revolutions have never been for anything else, this one, the next one, the Marxist one will be even worse than all the others, perfected.

For this reason, the materialistic dialectic, the obligatory mundane brainwashing, you're going to be there, forming the most disgusting, boorish, offensive, trash-like, barbarian horde that will fall under the influence of the Jews, all of this since Constantine.

You'll tell me news.

Fucked, Suckers, sceptical, presumptuous idiots who are all ready to be trampled on by these lucrative reforms.

That'll be great! Progress awaits you! Progress! Fresh like the eye! Drunk like 36 Popes! Weeping like The Villette! Idiots like a poster, like 36 million electoral posters! Rational like puppies! That's how it'll go! That'll go very well! The evacuation commences! Go along with the Bourgeoisie! Go on!

Bourgeoisie? But they're puppies too! How? "The man shits…he gets hungry again, that's it!" He's brother of the people, blood related, the cursed Bourgeoisie! The jealous brother! Too jealous! The brother who won! What a situation on this planet! The most adorable thing of all: The Bourgeoisie! Your rational idols!

Your God created the Bourgeoisie!

All you dream about is being them, nothing else, just them, the Bourgeoisie! Even more than them! Even more Bourgeois! That's it! The ideal worker is twice as likely to just love being Bourgeois. Twice as flabby, twice as fat, twice as much land to himself (22 metres instead of 11). Two, three or even four meals a day, eight starters, and no children at all so three times as many savings. An ultra-bourgeois, mechanised, motorised, fortunate, scornful, conservative, stupid, hypocritical, sterile than the Bourgeois today: who won't think or dream about anything else but the menu for the next pig-out, the bottles that he can drink, for three or four throats, bellies and more! And then "Long live the police!" Again "Long live the police!" and the mobile guard and the landed property.

Hungry commoners against hungry Bourgeoisie on contracts. What a democratic mystery! It's consistent but it's sneaky, it sucks, it's tiring, it stinks.

Do you think that this farce, this rotting gangrenous mess can last much longer?

Hello!

Nay my good sirs! We're here!

The candle has gone out

I haven't got any more fire!

Open the door, you red fools!

Come in!

Pinheads, all you've understood about Communism is the way to satisfy yourselves instantaneously, madly, in the name of some new purity, or the virtue of the working class that doesn't really exist, all of your annuitant remorse, disillusioned jackals. Your secret idea, personal idea, won't go very far. I know you all too well.

Obviously, humanity doesn't actually talk like that. Instead you just get flattery…because the masses are all too scared.

93! 71! 36! Great masses of people, glory to the people, to God! The herd! Godlike in their words, cattle-like in their actions, all damned to The Abattoirs!

But what have you actually done with all your populist shit? Your underhanded, disgusting egoism? Your nihilistic spirituality? Your inherent meanness? Your forever denigrating rage? Your cheap-ass laziness? Where have you hidden all the working class treasure? Masses upon masses? During the great Uprising? The grand, divine, populist service? The sublimation of the people? King of the people? King of the Gods? Hypocrite of the people?

A social system arising from the great instincts of the people (Dixit Humanity), a system of whatever formula, the most ingenious, meticulous, the cleverest, the most balanced, which can't last after eight to fifteen days without gross sadism, circuses of decapitated people, of infernal pits like Russia, like Bela Kuhn, Barcelona. The writing is on the wall. It's been done in advance.

Come to the table! People! Time for some awful confessions! Underhanded martyrs! Damned rascals! Wildly screwing up the fate of your social class! That's the last of your commonertariat worries, your own fate! Even if all your brothers are in the shit! As long as you, personally get lucky and get out of there somehow. You do everything, all of the grimaces of Communism. You can't do anything more than stutter and grimace. Voices aren't worth anything, nor are pamphlets.

The conscience of this class is nonsense, a demagogic convention. All the workers want is to get out of the working class, to become bourgeois, preferably without anyone else, to become bourgeois with the most decadent privileges, to adopt the same implacable, egoistic attitude, to harbour the same prejudices and biases, to adopt the same monkey-like behaviour, to get the same defects, the same avarice and of course, the same hatred of the working classes! The commonertariat, the most militant of people, wants to share everything shit with his damned brothers: it's a bit like winning the lottery, he'd share things with only those people who are fucked anyway, he'd share shit with the other commoners, but never his cake. He'd even drop all of his brothers in the shit just to have all the cake to himself.

The potbellied Jew Johaux, before becoming Emperor of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique,[32] admitted to have never shared this "class conscience".

Where then did this "class conscience" come from? It wouldn't surprise me if I never see it in my life. True Communism is about as real as daisies in the Sahara.

We're just as far away from "loyal readers," or from anything resembling the "foundation" of authentic Communism as a bigoted chair attendant is to Saint Theresa of Avila.

Communism is just a poetic name above everything else. Without poetry, without the boiling, purifying, altruistic fervour, Communism is just a farce, the dumping ground for rage, Plebeian resentment, the rotten trestle of every pheasant, of every sick barbarian, of all the Jews carrying out their Talmudic deceptions. How many universes are we away from this "Grand altruistic Passion"? Unanimous altruism? Communist faith? Without any defects or betrayals or anyone taking advantage of it? This infamous "state of love" which everyone and the bourgeois keep prattling on about, which they can't stop mentioning, just comes out of their arses, one or two times a week, covered in arse hair and a whole load of jealousy.

How many universes away?

You don't just become a Communist. You are born a Communist, unless you vow never to become one. Communism is a state of the soul. A state which you can't acquire. Propaganda, education, violence, interests, suffering, and even the infamous "love" can't affect the soul, the soul doesn't care.

Man cannot inherently change, the soul learns nothing, forgets nothing. The soul doesn't live on this earth just to do nothing. The soul only looks after itself and its mysteries. It holds on to them and defends them. It looks after them over everything else, against everything. Death which consumes everything, cannot consume the soul, the soul lives on.

Bronze, platinum and diamond are but mere flexible, ductile and capricious materials compared to the soul, to the horrifying rigidity of the soul.

Nothing can possess it. From the first to the last breath, it is just as poor, just as rich. All the chatter, threats, charms and subterfuges fail and fizzle out before it, they never get inside it. Nothing can impoverish it, enrich it, neither experience, nor life, nor death. The soul leaves as it arrives, asking no questions, taking nothing.

Communism in the practical sense is the unanimity of souls, Communist souls, all altruistic and blessed with unanimous passion.

Who? What? Where? How? Recruitment? Where do these sublime human features come from exactly? A great deception in the true state of man? You say?

These brats, savages, denigrating, wild hordes, stuck in their malicious gossip, delirious in their petty shit? These cannibals? Underhanded? These dogs of all these mass graves? That? Communists? Shit! You abuse animals! Our societies are crawling in material richness, but suffer from spiritual poverty.

This objectivist fanaticism is killing us. Mankind can fly? Shit flies, the spirit doesn't fly, never has human thought been lower, more degenerate, less transcendent, less relieving.

Fuck all this generic poetry! Poetry's dead, admit it!

All our art has become grotesque, complete nonsense, full of dirty tricks, sick boorishness.

Communism reigns supreme in this poet-less civilisation like all the rest.

Communism should be insane, and have lots of poetry, above all.

Communism without poetry is for the Jews, for science, for "reason", materialism, Marxism, bureaucracy, arseholes, 600 kilos a sentence: it's just a boring version of prosaic tyranny, without any development, a completely atrocious Jewish Satrapy deception, unmanageable, inhumane, a disgusting tyranny of slaves, an infernal impossibility, a worse remedy than evil.

The commoners are far less Communist than even Louis XIV. At least this opulent Emperor had a sense of duty to the State. You commoners don't have any of that. The state's just a fat cow for you, like it is for the Bourgeoisie, and you just fight over who gets the breast. Class warfare!

Bourgeoisie, commoners, you've become so evil, both of you, for the same reason, that same old sly boorishness, the insane descrambling, you're only united by the trumpets of war, it's only the sound of massacres that can bring you together.

Bourgeois, workers, neither is better than the other, all you've managed to hold on to is filth, not belief. Coming from all the churches, in every century, has just been a barrage of the worst stupidity, prejudices, buffoonery, grimaces, the stink of every religion, the most disastrous mass-graves. The "everyone saves their souls if they can" attitude of the first apostles (Jews, of course) got you up to the year 93[33] in Rome. "Heaven isn't in the sky, but on Earth, all in gold" the new apostles (always Jews) are going to take us even further. We're all going to laugh. Communism is exactly the opposite of what the people want.

The commonertariat soul: desire…

The Bourgeois soul: fear

You've only ever respected and venerated anyone whom you beat up, that'll be your downfall…

Every revolution, you've never understood or appreciated anyone individually, you've seen them just as a big Tombola full of cheap wine and blood, where the most savage, the most underhanded, the most vicious and the people who have killed the most come out on top.

You don't even need an operetta cudgel[34]. No! No! No! Bludgeon! Terrible! Impeccable. Grand training, pitiless, inexorable. The ferocious stirrup leather, the perfect bat, the ideal tool for mutiny, rebellion, light-heartedness, the conversationalist, the great spirit. The annihilating force of the government, irrefutable, reconciliation, redemption, renovating, miraculous.

Think about this a little. If you become friends with a dog, it might understand you, it probably won't bite you. You can risk that. But with a man? You are fried in advance. He only understands violence, blood, thrashing. The more of this he gets the better. He never thinks it's too much. Proof of this: wars!…

You need to breed a hundred thousand times over, through a hundred to a hundred thousand processes of racial selection, rigorous eliminations (All the Jews included) before things can resemble anything decent, as far as the social situation goes.

All plants and animals evolve through natural selection, why haven't men? Why can't that which happened with beetroots, pork and farmyard animals have happened to us?

What made the dog faithful? Vigilant? Sociable? The cow bear milk? The horse trot? Cotton be cotton? The sheep have wool? Wheat turn into bread? Grapes drinkable? Canaries make noises? By racial selection, by the careful extermination of all defects, before we are complete, all the vagueness, doubt, toxic hybrids and everything bastardised and recessive is cleaned out.

To find the devil in man, exorcise him, either by careful breeding or beating it out of him.

In fact, man knows very well, instinctively. We have nothing to teach him. He acts up for us; he pretends there's progress, recovery with his words. He hasn't been fooled, he knows for certain. During these interludes of entrails, force-fed, you find no one more masochistic than man.

There is no creature in the animal kingdom who wants to be punished as much as man. Proof of this: wars.

Man is so eager to be a martyr, through a hundred thousand tortures. In his good moments he thinks he's doing well, that's where he gets his salvation from. He suffers when he hasn't suffered enough. Never enough. He lacks fiercer punishers. He gets as much of it as he can. It begins with the martinet and ends with barbed wire. An eternal waste, fucked up torture, improvised, absurd.

I, someone who looks forward, I see very well how it's going to go for the masses. It's not like now, full of pretence and words. No! No! Will it be more hostile and disordered? Workers, commoners, Bourgeoisie all at each other's throats, no! Everyone will be beneath the same banner! And how! Completely fraternal. Banners of immense grandeur! Bigger than we've ever seen before! Bastards, bawling, heinous, quibbling, snot-nosed, crazy, dubious, moaning, for once all united, reconciled, singing as one, souls as one, jovially sincere, for once.

It's the whip! It's the whip!

We must serve under the whip!

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

It won't be nothing this time, it'll be huge.

Stalin, knows himself well. Hitler isn't hollow either. Mussolini, start the music…Franco, wait until he wins…

Mexicans are all asking themselves…they're arguing amongst themselves. It's the schools that are doing everything, demonstrating new techniques.

Who benefits from the Front Populaire?[35] The Jews (synthetic Jews, that is) and the Masons only, that's who. The Aryans lose out. The Bourgeoisie, workers, peasants, small businesses, artists, small civil servants: they get nithing.

It's done! You fools! You asked for it!

Here is a list of those happy winners:

Jewish Trusts, The monopolies, the Jewish banks, three, four, five devaluations! What a godsend! The Jewish or Jewified politicians, the squires of Syndicalism, the demagogic, Jewish Emperor Johaux, the little obedient satraps, sucking up to the Lodges, the conspiring arseholes in their bistros, the poor Lodges. The entire Racket to enslave everyone to the point of exhaustion, The cocaine barons (The rabbi cocaine barons that is) the buyers of goods and mortgages (all Jews), the arms dealers, aircraft dealers, (basically all Jews or Jewified), our two hundred Jewish families, our two thousand international Jewish families, our grand, tight fisted, profiteering, inspirational Molochs, our Rotschilds, our Lazares, our Cohens, our Sterns, our Patenotres, our Baders, our Dreyfus… Never have they been more passionately obeyed, served, fulfilled and loved…finally, from the same kike shit, the tourists, or "providential visitors"! so-called "Relievers of business"! In reality they're a disastrous menace who pillage our final stocks, our final bits of junk for a sky-high price, for them, Winter has arrived. The perfect mess.

This country, the kingdom of worms, the drunken orgy, all duped by the politicians, the panic game, formidable and incredible strikes, the epistemic fuck ups of the banks which have ruined 90% of the economy.

And the little 10% that's left, that lives on, can't hide any illusions, it's going the same way as the rest of it, all of it, the inheritance of the city is going to be consigned to the graveyards, in the Jewish basements. They've won! They've left us 3 cents to the franc! And three million dead! One thing leads to another, with this leisurely demagogy, French industry has collapsed. If the Jews delay slightly in reducing us to nothing, as they can very easily leave it to the next day, they're not going to kill the beast right away before they've led it into the arena, the bullring, and prepared a decent spectacle that the spectators from far away can come and see and pay for with their dough.

But, eventually, everything ends, it can't last forever, the respite.

Who put Rothschild under lock and key like that? To keep an eye on him?

It wasn't Schussnig, it wasn't Cachin, it wasn't Johaux, it wasn't Blum, it wasn't Chamberlain, it wasn't Stalin, it was Hitler. Who is the true enemy of capitalism? Fascism. Communism is a Jew thing, a way of enslaving the people in a worse way. Completely buckshee.

What is the true friend of the people? Fascism.

Who has done more for the working classes? The USSR or Hitler?

Hitler

You can look at him until your eyes go red and there's nothing shit about him.

Who's done more for small businesses? Not Thorez, but Hitler!

Who's saving us from war? Hitler!

The Communists (Jews or Jewified), only think about sending us to our graves, to murder is in Crusades.

Hitler looks after his people well, he is life-affirming and he is sensitive to peoples' lives, even ours. He's a true Aryan.

The "furious dogs of Europe" are on our side of the Rhine. Maurras!

Our leaders, our leaders are just Jewish flunkeys, Mason cunts, jealous screw-ups, insensitive careerists, who give as much of a fuck about our lives as their first nappy. They'll instinctively sacrifice us all, that's their natural instinct and they flatter us and then shit us out.

It would be interesting to know how many soldiers have committed suicide, (active or veterans) since the last mobilisation.

The biggest Jewish concern, their hobby, their issue is the democratic French army. The Jews have spent a lot of money on the French army. Things have to go perfectly well, nothing can fail, everything has to go according to plan, without error, without any tricks, without flies in the ointment, with the most enthusiasm possible, the best possible timing, for the sake of a "casus belli" brought to us with delights from the great Qahal, under some patriotic slogan or other which is impeccable and irresistible, the great anti-Nazi crusade will begin in a shambles, by ignoble routs, disgusting civil wars. No. It's impossible.

The National Union! Because![36] Take it easy please! Back at home…the propaganda!…Minute…! Beware of the brutality…virulent people…always…certainly…but reasonable…Not impossible…Beware of extravagant people…the persecutors of the "soft" and the tact…

That'll do! That'll do!…That's Communism all over…contingent…a load of helping hands…that's good…doesn't cost anything…that's good!

Loads more seizures! Repeated ad nauseam, Jacobinism 100%…. we'll talk about this later…

Loads of comrades have their own cars…we can't offend them with trivialities… damned people who make 160 francs a day…it's not the right moment…tactics please…mutual understanding…knowledge…keep these terrible things out of it!

Lenin himself knows how to dodge the issue, put it off, hide it and wait for a better time. It's only the fools who don't do so.

Contingences…trust…tactics…presentation…confidence.

All this sends the Bourgeoisie into a trance; it gives you hell just to hear them shout out: “Soviets everywhere! Soviets come on down!”

They’re holding onto their pay slips. “Wiping their arses with them! But still holding on to them! Fuck that! But they’re all happy!”

This is how the Masons respond. Not destroying everything but letting it all rot, this is the Lodge’s bottom line: everything decays without a sound or without riot. The French right wing is like the left wing, conservatives before and above all, they think social change is worse than the plague, or even wars.

If you can’t carry on doing your daily routine it’s the end of the world, as far as the French go, left or right wing. These people with their habits are worse than even the most impure Bourgeois. Once the hurricane has passed and flattened the rubble and the people, it saves everything that you can save, gathers it up, takes it back, saves every nasty trick, the worst deceptions, the worst bullshit, the worst prejudices, the most crass morals, it starts everything anew with rubbish, rips all of it off, patches it up, adopts it. That’s what it is. No more freedom second time round.

If the people revolt, it’s not to free themselves, it’s to reclaim stronger Tyrannies.

If there’s something the people truly hate, it’s freedom. Freedom horrifies them; they can’t look it in the face.

The people are like a museum of all the shit of every age, they accept, admire, conserve and defend everything, understanding nothing.

What really bothers, worries and irritates the Petit-Bourgeois is a drop in wages and collapsing economies, that really pisses them off, demoralises them, they can’t handle that. It’s too much swindling all at once.

Never mind.

All these doctrinal concessions, provided that the Petit-Bourgeois don’t get rid of the French army, strengthen everything, it reinforces the War in the East, they jump on the stepping-stones, set the wheels in motion, reinforces the officers on the frontline! That’s the most important thing! The officers! The most important position during the next slaughter! The Bourgeoisie are all little officers! No nonsense! No spin doctoring! Simple! It’s impossible to mobilise without the little Bourgeois officers! It’s done!

We’d go as far as to pay back the Petit Bourgeois their Russian loans to get them to be brave again, to have some guts, to raise their moral with pay-offs, arouse their exultant patriotism, their combative spirit, the same joyous fury of 1914!

Petits-Bourgeois! Advance! The Incomparables!

The most serious and essential section of the French army is without a doubt, the petit-Bourgeoisie, you can't replace them. The dancing university graduates! Without the little Bourgeois officers, Sergeants, the rearguard, lieutenants or reserve captains, the French army wouldn't exist. It's these frenzied hordes who stir up the madness in the army, all of the ridiculous insanity, all by themselves. Onwards to the first mistake! Blunder! Catastrophe! That's how it goes! It'll all be over in eight days. The little officers come solely from the petit-Bourgeoisie, not the masses, they're better off on the frontline.

The tenacity, the spirit, the pig-headed evil, the satisfaction after an accomplishment, the belligerent sense of sacrifice, all these sinister virtues are very similar to their traditional equivalents such as "knowing what to refrain from doing," "never borrowing at interest" "looking out for tomorrow," the "fierce economy" the "poor but honest life" "never asking things from people" "treating things with respect".

These gloomy virtues work wonders on the battlefield. They place a lot of value on the little officers of the French army, serious, valuable, charismatic, limitless, always aware of any risk, can think of any solution to any situation, even the most precarious and awful ones, they're never defeatist, depressed, wallow in self-pity, drunk, self-interested, wasteful of neither men nor words, always looking ahead, always careful of expenditures, no speculating on whims, perfect little responsible officers, never wasting anything, be it ammo or men, they're not greedy, but just look out for their own lives and the blood of others, and they look out for the unity of their squad.

Always the first into battle, without any hidden desire for glory or reward. Awards and medals can't really get rid of their jealousy, aggression or denigration. They'd be better off with odd-jobs. Honours awarded to other people annoy them, honours for themselves annoy others.

This sort of crass, disgusting, repugnant Petit-Bourgeoisie who are so insignificant during peace time become like joke-heroes, gullible martyrs who don't ask for anything and die as if they've lived amongst hatred and sycophancy.

You'd be right in thinking that the Jews are perfect for these war-like, petit-bourgeois type people. There's nothing they wouldn't do to sneak their way in to the Petit-Bourgeoisie and to take part in the Crusades and become officers.

It's not the howling cohorts of workers of stupid blunders, lost in their own sustenance, corrupted by Marxist slogans, completely hysterical, dumbed down and brainwashed by perpetual moaning who are going to help out the little Bourgeois officers tomorrow, will they fuck!

The commoners don't have any sense of duty, it's only odd jobs that keep them going, and without this they can't exist. Without the fucking Bourgeois on their back, they're just pleasure-seeking robots, tasteless anarchists. It's the Petit-Bourgeoisie in France that are the only serious class, not mystical, but conscientious. The people are just noisy and lazy.

It's the Petit-Bourgeoisie who tend to wait around, refuse all pleasures and in fact never desire anything pleasant, predicting all the worst catastrophes and even finding them funny, they're in charge. It's never the people.

This is what happens in war all the time! It's incomparable! The staff chief isn't mad, he realises that without the little Petit-Bourgeois officers, nothing happens. Before that, the working class officers were never respected by the people. No honours or respect! The people, in dire situations, need Bourgeois officers, people who have degrees.

The working classes are just full of words, elections, sing-a-longs, get-togethers and theatre; they're useless in serious situations. There are no doctors who come from the working people; there will never be a true doctor for the working classes. They don't exist.

They seize their authority amongst the Petit-Bourgeois crowd! It explodes! It fulminates! The Salvation of the homeland calls on them! Above all! They round up all the cattle! Spit them out in the East in a hundred thousand stupid operations, bunch of cuckolds, into the filth of the Maginot,[37] accompanied by the insane farandole of the Marseillaise! Accompanied by torrents of Kikes! Everything is set up! The hierarchies are in place, restored, everything's back to normal! Great! Perfect! Sigh!

Ah! The liberators! Bringers of justice! We serve you! Lions of the unit! Wait my brothers! You'll love it! We have confidence in your values and they're most important to us! We'll prepare you a masterpiece! Glowing revelations of your true nature! Don't move! A Gleaming Imperium! The bastard son of Céleste! Mérotte Alphonse! Paul the idiot! Portu Joseph Marmadou Louis! Segnoux François! All wrapped around the finger of Lieutenant Verlet Jules, law graduate. That's ok, Madame la Marquise! Very good! A lot of pain! You'll end up in lace! Barbed wire that is! You'll end up transparent, quivering at the slightest of gusts, rippling from bursts of shellfire! What a death! Ground down! Run over! Melted! Screwed over! Scratched! Flattened by tanks, furious vaporising machines, shining with gold, soaked in blood.

You'll go down in history with these flags, Communist flags stained red with blood of the Goyim, all united.

Jeroboam Pelliculman[38] will take all the photos, like that, marvellous, he'll hang them up, "images of victory!" the ultra-Jewish-periodical, the periodical decorated with the madness of the Crusade. The Communist saying, "to the very end" applies here.

You'll only think of morals when you see your decomposing corpses, decaying in the breeze.

Rachel Madelon and Max Préput will sing to your demise just like they sing the ABC…Does that tell you anything? Aren't you excited? You're all bound for glory; all you have to do is sign up… Fuck, nothing will do for you!

Do you know how things are going? OK, do something then! First of all, vote like a patriot and even for an "Oignon National"[39] government, like in the 1941 elections (if you have the time) all under Jewish command. The English will vote left-wing, more aggressively and more openly anti-fascist.

As soon as you've done that, crossed the box, with your innocent enthusiasm, done your bit for the military, they'll repay your efforts, the English, all of your courage, with their navy and air force. You'll be glad. Their military Lodges and their royals will do everything in their power to pay for each step of the way. You'll find the English to be relaxed and prestigious.

England is full of elites, always ready to do their thing, educated, distinguished officials, with very arbitrary duties in the bullfights, fighting “to the end”. The next one will be the worst. It will be a marvel of a result, of organisation. This is what the grand class of preparation looks like.

You don’t do anything; decide anything, French people, workers, Bourgeois. You can’t think of anything, know anything, vote or even shout out anything that hasn’t been organised, managed, set up or put into place for your governance for years and years in advance by the Kike Intelligence Service.

Isn’t that splendid!

Whitehall couldn’t give a fuck about your destiny.

You’re going to be shipped off, carried off, sent to the trenches, scattered around, split-up according to what Whitehall wants, the Banks, Rabbis, Comintern and the Great family will be delighted!

All this is done, inscribed, prepared, foreseen right down to the finest detail along with the weight, qualities, nervousness and convictions of each bit of meat, of every provenance in each country, each province and each squadron. You don’t exist anymore, you’re just old memories. You don’t even know that! How precious!

Something is worth saying again…it’s old news, but who cares…it’s serious…

What starts, instigates and causes all of our revolutions? All of our disasters? All the wars? All the massacres? This perpetual, repugnant debauchery? Jewry! Ladies and Gentlemen! And above all English Jewry! The most disgusting, virulent and most pernicious activities that the Jews partake in, the best prepared, in parts, countless conspiracies, designed to ferment us, liquefy us, reduce us to paste, corrupt us completely and then pick us out, infect us with a war-like trance in a furiously demagogic like way, with suicidal drives, just like the shit in ’93, and then set us up again, lowering us into the chaos of “Universal Suffrage,” soaked in blood, watching us become lost and lethargic.

Let the music continue! Let it never stop! The party! The trances! The St Vitus dances! All the Judeo-Britains have to do is to wind us up and there’s no reason for this to ever stop. Our destiny is catastrophe.

Marlene Dietrich can’t do anything against love, she can’t resist it.

We can’t either; we can’t do anything against the horrors of the Kike Intelligence Service. We’re the same, we can’t change anything and we are “bound”.

It undermines us, erodes us, ravages us, wrecks us and wears us out, stinking a thousand smells. Never a dissonant word. The mad, English, Jewish mob can have the most proliferating effects on our flesh, the most gangrenous, the most necrotic and the most horrible, disconcerting injuries. Not a word on this at all.

We give our enthusiasm, adorably, to the most horrific, preposterous butcheries (1914 and onwards), its all been inspired, orchestrated by the "Intelligence," We go mad about vultures, our demons. It's our national masochism, our "weird" vices and Northern exoticism that destroys us. It depletes us! Empties us! It blinds our eyes. We like it. We like it; we give them our bodies and souls! We are their guinea-pigs, meat for their experiments.

We're like a sociological park full of Masonic conspiracies, full of surgical experiments on live beings, maniacal warmongering. Nothing will deter us. Nothing is too much for us.

No refusals. No dissent.

The real French motto of 1938:

"All for the British Kikes! All for Ben John Bull!"[40]

The City, "Kike Intelligence Service" and The Anglo-Jewish court have been behind everything since Cromwell, including all of our failings, debacles of all sorts: continental, colonial, social, monetary and spiritual.

The great English Masonry is all in on it, keeping us all in putrefaction.

The grand, never-ending, Judeo-Britannic prosperity wouldn't exist, last, couldn't last without leaving us in the darkness, bound to them in servitude, in chaos, in a state of stupidity, in endemic anarchy.

A completely corrupt France, politically grotesque, irresolute, boastful and clumsy, on the verge of collapse, with an unstable economy, in the pockets of the bankers, basically in the pockets of London, basically a France that's very easy to handle for the Talmudic Lords of the City.

No resistance! A true providence! At the moment, they're only a few things which worry us, stir things up and shock us, rouse up a bit of panic, alert us, that rekindle the fire, if it's time: a few horrible scandals occur (Panama-Dreyfus-Stavinsky). And then everything is even better than before! We're smoked! Fermented and left to rot all over again! What fun!

They keep us alive just outside England's door; they own us completely, like liquid manure! Viscous, juicy, bloated, served up to them, always ready to be used for other purposes, for other British endeavours everywhere else. It goes. It goes. That's how it will go.

Never have the Judeo-British had easier business partners on the continent than us.

They're always ready to spread us all over into every crevice, involve us in every horror possible to make them worse, to make them grow and flourish in their prodigious gardens.

Even the Indians aren't as enthusiastic, fanatical and devoted to their cause as us, to the fucking up of everything by the worst pimps that the world has ever seen.

Spain, ever since the Armada, right up to Franco has been stagnant, putrefied, cooking in its own juices, the whole peninsula is a magma of odours, which is delightful mud for the "Kike Intelligence Service".

A Spain which is completely purulent, necrotic, finished, recumbent, with a fake Clergy, devoid of anything, an administration of parasites, a corrupt police force, greedy and Masonic, makes perfect sense – according to England! A powerless Spain is perfect for a prosperous England, just like a screwed up France at war.

Everything that ruins Spain helps and reassures England. It's been like this since the Tudors. A powerful Spain threatens England's strength and vigour as they advance into Egypt and India!

In terms of looking like a rotten hostage, Spain is quite similar to us on the outside; both of us are under the same orders. The hegemony of the City has all the Orient on a string, Spain happens to be one of those attached to it.

If Spain changes or adapts, everything is fucked.

If you have a strong, independent Spain, England is screwed! Sarah Britain might be able to get away with it and Ben John Bull can still intervene in India. Look at how they stick their noses into everything, the pimp that is Britain, they stir things up, instigate the war in Spain, financing both sides, helping Loeb and Sassoon on the parliamentary side, and Rotschild on Franco's side. There's never any definitive outcome! Never any conclusive victory! On either side! Just carnage, massacres that get worse and worse. Whether its blood, piss or cum, it's everywhere. No one at all can say: I'm the best! The greatest! The winner!

Nothing!

Nothing for France or Germany!

Just corpses, wounded people, everything sold off, debt-ridden, everything god-forsaken, all in the same boat, after ten, even twenty years of war. England always wins; the Kike Albion gets all the benefits.

That goes for sure. No one cares anymore.

Judeo-Britannic power is a power over dead bodies which does nothing but profit off all the decomposing states over which it has power.

The English hyena only feasts off mass graves. Their Intelligence Service has organised all of the catastrophes of the past centuries, all the catacombs that it needs.

Without the “Kike British Intelligence Service” (with or without carbon) Britain would certainly be cut down to a smaller size.

It’d be even worse than Ireland.

When you go down to yell your fervours at the inauguration of George VI, half-Jew, and his queen Bowen-Lyon the Jewess, mandated by Chamberlain, half-Jew, Eden half-Jew and Hoare Belisha (Hoare Belisha completely Jewish), all enrobed, the most extravagant parade of donkeys ever sold to the French Masons, our gangsters, you can definitely say that you had a good afternoon.

Mason Lebrun, Mason Windsor, Mason Mary, Mason Prince, Mason Princesses, Mason Daladier, Mason arseholes, Mason Langeron, they’re all splendid together! That can make you happy! Very happy! But it’s not enough I think, we need even more.

Why don’t they ever invite the torturers to the Tower of London? With their French colleagues, Mr Deibler and his cronies, marching past? That at least is owed to them; that would be justice. To have the mass-murderers on display would be great; the Commoners have the right to see it all. It’s boorishness on our part. They would appear in the procession. It would go down in history. It would be normal to appraise it. Finally, the thing that is really missing here which would entice everyone is the awful presence, face and meat, seated on four menacing horses, of the four grand, supreme sorcerers of the Kike Intelligence Service.

Long Live Admiral Sinclair!

Long Live Lord Duvean!

Long Live Sir Mankay!

Long Live Sir Montagu Norman!

Coming out just for the day! Ah! The praise, what a moment! All Jews! Jews! Jews! Jews against Jews! Look at the divine grace glinting in their eyes! I want more of them to march past: Mr Rotschild! Stern! Lazare! Sassoon! Barush! Dreyfus! Warburg! They deserve it! They've earned it! So let's party! Let the people go mad! Shout to the sky! Long live the King! Long live the King!

Yeah, Long live the King! Definitely! Don't forget to screw the people over! Long live the House of Lords, full of Jews! Long live the head Lodge of Scotland! Long live the Sages of Zion! Long live carnage! Love live our slaughter of Aryans! Long live the great Sanhédrin! Long live our flunkey marshals! Long live our stupid patriots! Too aggressive to live!

Long live the great knives!

Long live the calves!

Long live the goats!

Long live the torturers!

Long live the torture chambers!

Long live our catastrophic rulers!

Gleaming and smothered in cut up, smoking meat!

Long live our guts under the sun, right to the bottom of our intestines!

Long live our guts wrapped round our throats!

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Long live all the death!
Love live the agony!

The abattoirs of power!

Jews again!

Jews everywhere!

Jews in heaven, Jews on earth!

Amen! Amen!

God's Brothel! In the name of God! Hosanna!

Love live! Te Deum! Body of Christ! Sacrifices! Shit! The Peritoneum!

On your knees! Shits!

Your mum's cross!

Long live the cauldron of cooked meat

George VI, Benesh, Daladier, Mr Lebrun, Roosevelt, Pétain, Mrs Simpson, Barush, Stalin…Masaryk…le Comitem… Blum…Suez-Wegand…House of Lords…The Great Orient…The damned people in the flesh…Thorez!

Who leads all these phoneys?

Who pulls their strings?

Who supervises their treaties?

The gold collectors! The Jewish bankers! The Jewish Trusts! The Golden spirits! The Rabbis! The Jewish directors! The supporters of the Great Secret Kahal, the Kike Intelligence Service!…Why even bother trying to hide it? This dumb little game, this stinking farce? Day after day? Why all these stupid words, these sinister ruses? This swamp of bullshit? This meaningless play on words? These Marxist myths? Humanitarian, liberating, arsehole-like, tyrannical Maurassism[41], these meddling schemes? These unintelligible dialectics?

We just don't get it any more!…

Voilà! Voilà! Understanding nothing! Shrouded! Clouded! Powdered! Insane shit! What's at the bottom of all this bullshit? The most rotten core in the world! The world's soul! The Jew! That's what!

Salads, baking, poisonous gruel, all in Communist, humanitarian-like vases, sticky from the guts which have made it all murky, mudded it, screwed it up, turned it into cheap shit wine, putrefied and sent it to sleep.

Sent it to sleep? Not yet! Just until next time!

We're going to get up feeling all foamy! Sorry about this people! Fanciful dreamers! The ovens are almost ready! They're sizzling! They're all off ablaze in the distance! The Yellow Rivers flowing towards the crest of the Castille! The cursed, cowardly men are prancing around. It roars like Hell! Sleep! Sleep! Little fuckwits! Little dozy brats! We're going to fry the fat off your bodies! Burn the hard skin off the soles of your feet!

From Moscow, home of Torture all the way to Washington – fuelled by London, all the Jews have gone berserk, they're stamping their feet, going mad and threatening us all, spurring on their Mason friends, the sated Lodges, all of our gangsters, old Johaux, to scare us to death!

And what? Total fucking chaos, sellouts! Has it stopped all of your chattering? When all your guts are spewing out? When they're all over Paris? Dumb quibbling turtles! Drunken bastards! Sickening suck-ups! Renegade cunts! Criminals! Jew puppets! Degenerates! Bunch of rogues! Come and look for Bayard! Here! A big old blow of the bugle to puck up everyone's courage! What an occasion! Maréchal Bedain's[42] on his way.

"Vranzai! Vranzai!" A monstrous ovation.

I was at Charleroi! Like all of you! I've come back! War! Blum everywhere! The sacred onion! Go fuck yourselves! Let the persecutors fuck you over! Fall in! March!

The fuckers on the left! One! Two! One Two!

The fuckers on the right! One! Two! Three! Four!

The Jew will make you pay! Everything is his! Bodies and souls! The future! Piss on your memories! The cult of memory! Memories of the arseholes! Present! Love! Delights! Organs! Violins! Everything belongs to the Jews!

Don’t fuck with the Jews! Whoever fucks with them dies! Like with the Pope! Same thing! Keep on loving the Jew! Praise the Jews like you praise Jesus! Same thing! The adoration! More and more adoration! Devout to them! The Marseillaise! Magnanimous! The Jewry! All for the motherland! Where all the French are going to be screwed over! The Joy! For all the Jews of the world! Sublime! They’ve chosen you! The motherland where all the Jews will celebrate with your corpses, as long as you’re all corpses, they can go anywhere and prosper well without ever having to deal with the pretentious, foul, reproachable and detestable indigenous people! The bastards that you are! Yuck! Disgusting! Ugh! On your corpse! Vomit! Trash! The sword! A free France, without any French people still alive, simply Semitised, with all the French sucked out of them! 100% disinfected! Purified by battles!

French people! Squirm around until being alive becomes a crime! Don’t waste another minute! Another second! Death to the bastards!

For the twenty seventh time! The Rhine will foam with blood and spit it out! It will flood everywhere!

The divine Jews rule over you! Control you!

A man trapped in the crossfire for eternal France. The most fucked of motherlands! Patriots! Everything in front of me! Bédain! I’m behind all of you! I’m Bédain! All for the yids! For the motherland of corpses! For Masonic France! Fallen! Disappeared! Evaporated off the field of Jewish honour! For Israel’s implacable vengeance! For the Talmudic triumph! Three times! Twenty times! I say! The National onion! Boiling!

All the war-trumpets have sounded the start of the battle!

Dive into the conflicts! Drunken mob!…I’ll come back in a few months and give the call! I’m Bédain! Counter-cadence! Rogues of the quick lime! Understand, fall in! Dirty rascals! Dive into your tombs! I’ll take the one that divides you all! Who shoots with the shroud! The author of “cultures” is going round in circles! Maggots feel pity for us! Braise them all… Four by four, thousand by thousand! Ten million! March!

See you in the necropolis! I want it to be a massive cemetery! My Bédain cemetery! The biggest! The most amazing you’ve ever seen! With a guy guarding it! All done up and enhanced! With redness and leaves! Super-Academics of the Grand French cemetery! I want it to stretch to the horizon! The most pathetic ritornellos, sarabande, the vastness of humble crosses and burial mounds, from Flanders to Geneva, from Provence to Gascogne, the glorious sun of the dead will always shine on. On this miserable lump of earth.

Here we are Lafayette!

The New York Jewish Chorus.

I won’t just say all this myself, you might not buy that. You got to let others present their opinions too. I can’t do much better than quoting that really good article in a New York periodical, completely real: The American Hebrew, June 1938:

“It’s possible that the three sons of Israel (Leslie Hoare Belisha, Léon Blum and Maxime Litvinov), three representatives of the Jewish race who will overthrow that mad Nazi dictator, who’s now become the arch-enemy of the Jews, in this hellhole where he’s condemned us all.

“It’s almost certain that that these three nations (France, England and the Soviets) are linked by a number of pacts and are in a virtual alliance, (perhaps even official now), and they’ll stay united in order to try and stop Hitler’s sinister advance into the East.

“The order who will overthrow this Nazi, make the first move, cross the Czech border will be the spark which plunges Europe into nothingness. (Fail!)

“And when the smoke of battle has faded, when the trumpets have fallen silent, and the bullets have stopped hissing, you’ll be able to picture the collapse as it happens, noisily into a hole in the ground, just as the one who wanted to play God is crucified on a Swastika, the three non-Aryans (Blum, Belisha and Litvinov) sing in unison, a Requiem, that sounds a bit like the Marseillaise, God Save the King and the Internationale and ends with a final war-chorus, proud and warlike “Olay! Olay, we are the victors!”

In the same way, another proclamation is made, categorically, by that Jew Kubowtski, president of the Belgian association of Jews, addressed to the Belgian Aryans:

“It’s because you didn’t fight for the Jews that this war happened!”

“Don’t think we’re going to save you after letting us all die!”

I tell you, it’s quite a laugh going through the newspapers, the left-wing, centrist and the right wing ones, it astounds you, slaps you in the face, even more than that, just by the way they lie, babble, deceive, exult, prattle, bullshit, falsify, create confusion of everything, blacken and twist the events depending on who’s paying for it, stealing, killing, murdering, bragging, changing their minds, all according to their paycheques.

All this ecstatic vileness, it’s amazing how they can conjure up, stir up, set off and shape the opinions of these dumb crooks. Reading between the lines, it’s a delight to see how they deal with Chamberlain and his little tricks, it sends chills up your spine: The deals with the Czechs. This tomfoolery can fill up a room with applause! They love it even in the most “free” town halls, they delight in it, and they long for it, this sick trickery. They want more of it, they ask for more, more conspiracies, more shit. The most rebellious of them do all this for nothing, just on the basis of some faint whim, they do a few things here and there, it’s incredible.

However, this little is enough. You got to appreciate that at least. It’s a very basic scenario, the very minimum almost.

“Mr Chamberlain saves peace!”

Raise the curtain! Hear! Hear! Hear!

Chamberlain's saving his mate, his half-Jewish mate. He only follows orders. They come from the City, the Banks and the Kike Intelligence Service, right from the heart of the synagogues in writing or over the phone: "Fool them all Chamberlain! The Pacifists! Step a bit to the left! That's it! Please! Good! Now a bit to the right…two steps! That's good! Step back…Get out of Eden! Past the courtyard! Make some noise! Go past the S. D. N. ! Pretend to be in distress! Not too much! That's it! Say hello! With feeling…You'll come back to the garden…Go…Go…To you Sir Simon! We're listening! Miserable bastard! We can see you in the window…feeling sad…pensive…Take Runciman's hand! That's it! Now off with the both of you!…Very good!…Easy! By the book! Right, be serious now!…Not too much! Hurry Up! Say hello to the Czechs! There!…Now get out!…Keep moving! Duff Cooper! Polish up your indignation…How dark! A sinister prophecy! Come on! You done yet! We there yet?…A little trip on the plane…mysterious yet photogenic!…Get Chamberlain on the plane as well!…Go to Tyrol!…Go on…Again…Come back…Avoid talking…To Munich…And again…That's it…Your hat…Shakespeare…Umbrella…Gloves…Wave! That's it…Now fall over!

"Very good Mister Gold! God's watching over you!…Your wish is his command!…

And so the comedy goes along very nicely to the rhythm of their journeys…to the beat of a drum…

"Chamberlain will save us, bring peace on earth!" This is what the Brits keep going on about.

But for us, it's even simpler than that, it's not like there are 36 different options here…one fine morning and we go off to war. End of story!…surrounded by the cops! All for Charleroi! It's perfect for our mouths! Stupid children!

The English don't want some simple war which just gets botched or something like that. They want to spend money, they want decorum, consideration. They want time to reflect, gentlemanly, plan the whole thing. Get used to the idea…it's not like barbarians at the circus, hominids like the rest of us, these "cursed sacrifices", bodies just prepared for battle, gentlemen, Wait! Wait! Don't get mixed up! A gentleman is totally different! Isn't that right Sir Herzog of Maurois? A Gentleman pisses on us from the cliffs of Dover, that sort of guy, just like Caesar would have said!

For you young French people that will visit, you got to realise that England and their petty Gentlemen won't hesitate in leading you off to the abattoirs, it's not that hard for them. The gentleman is lazy and comfortable. He has a pact with the Jews, he won't be sent off as fodder, just as we were sent of to the Rif,[43] not at all! It says in his contract that we have to go in his place! That's been the case for three centuries, you got to understand that. Respect these contracts!…the gentlemen are counting on our meat, like embankments, protecting their dignity, shielding their cups of tea, their golf, their posh, flowery, buttoned-up clothes. I beg you! Mad warmongers, glorious, crazy hooligans! The gentleman wears gloves so none of this scalds his hands… "Tea and my right!" That's been the gentleman's pact with Israel ever since the Tudors. You got to look after his pride, give him the definite impression that you respect him right to the bone! That we're not going to let him go astray and get separated without fierce resistance, terrible repercussions, angry symposia, extraordinary fights. Ah! That won't do if you start mistreating him, taking Tommy Gentleman for granted like you do with the French, like cattle for sale, sliced up veal! Watch out! He's a fastidious devil, the gentleman! Very suggestible, the gentleman! He wants a big fuss made about him, to reassure him.

“The edifying, superbly sublime, ultra-memorable battle of Chamberlain’s forces against the cursed forces, the Teutonic demons of war!” Ah! How wonderful! How poignant! How wild! Chamberlain did it all! So did Eden! Cooper too! And all the ones that’ll follow him! Yes! No? Of course! That’s how everyone knows it! That’s what they keep saying! That’s how it goes! Tralala! Ah! Fuck that shit! From stoic, honourable opposition to ingenious deployments of troops! Dazzling! Virtuous! A promise to die in ecstasy! The most scathing clattering! Glittering! Fulminating! Whirling! Against the infernal spirits! Perfect! Billy Brown does it for his cash! He’s not robbed of any spectacle. A bit like The Arsenal[44] in sport, like the cup final. When the Brit comes out edified, convinced he’s done a good job, all happy because he played so well, in this pre-emptive tournament, in his most prodigious pacifism, Recruitment has done its job! That’s ok, start the music.

The “Kike Intelligence” doesn’t forget about us either during these crises. It’s behind our press and our radios. It adds to all the mystery and anxiety with its cushy broadcasts, all its writing, bullshit, upsetting stories, promises, teachings, cynicism, fear-mongering, all perfectly designed to boil, stir, liquidize and splatter our guts everywhere. It’s been taken over by the flunkeys of the pen, the directors, and the ministers, diffused in dense, terrifying storm clouds, in which you can’t see anything but horrors in the outlines. Across Europe, it’s just a bunch of idiots, chilled to the bone, of unknown soldiers, groping around in the dark, knocking on death’s door.

The press, who are driven by the lies that they are ordered to publish, sail and wriggle about just like squirming dogs, incensed by their rubber bones. While all the men are out there, gasping for breath, the Jews are in the kitchens, cooking, boiling and stuffing the rest of us, fobbing us off, vomiting on our destinies, “Catastrophes for nothing”.

Our national heroes, men like La Rocque, Doriot, Maurras, Bailby, Marin, etc… aren’t sorting anything out because they never talk about getting rid of the Jews. The talk and say nothing. They’re conversationalists, not doers. All they do is avoid the issue, they hide away from the purulence, they work in suppression and subterfuge, and they don’t even make a dent in the problem, not even the slightest of scratches.

All in all its Jewish plots, poisoning, traitors, who let all of the puss in, the evil spreads, takes over everything, they’re scared of the lancet.

The Jew is the meat of its meat. More accurately, it’s its sustenance, the Jews have been made upholders of the cash, and they don’t want us to screw that up! Not for anything! That would be too bad! They should stick to the “good movements” instead, in accordance with the “National Jewish dynasty!” We talk nicely to them to sugar-coat them, but then handle them mercilessly.

“Tell me, Hebe? Do you hear anything? Those awful rumours? It’s not the anti-Semites this time?… Oh it’s terrible, that’s exactly who it is! What a shame!… In our era!…Do you believe it? What a disgrace! What an ordeal! How grotesque! It makes you want to burst out laughing! If only it weren’t so tragic! What an abomination! You got to defend yourself, Kike! Do something! Don’t sit and think about it! Ponder about it! Get up! It could get worse; it could aggravate anti-Hebeism! It could become an infernal hurricane! But however…well!…What skill! Don’t fuck it up! You do fuck it up an awful lot, Kike! Don’t trust anyone! You can’t go all out in the early stages screaming your head off! You’d be wiped out right away! Defend yourselves cleverly, astutely…act like a patriot, try that! We won’t recognise you! We won’t suspect you of anything! Come with us! More French than actual French people! Ah! Yeah? We’ve never tricked you, Hebe? Well?…We’ve always been nice to you? Stop screwing around! Join in with the whole national movement! We’ll soon make pogroms out of you! Us! Nationalists! Unionists! We’re best suited for patriotic, defensive virtue! Unsuspected! Unsuspectable! We’ll let you know about all the risks, all the dismissals, deportations, restorations, Nazism, racism! All the nefarious villains, all the evil plots that are out to get you! Let me guarantee you! All of the enormous advantages! The most active part, the well respected, the most wonderful patriotism! Unrivalled! Without comparison! Implacable! Uncompromising! Righteous! Rigorous! The most revered in France! The Providence inspires you! You couldn’t have done better falling into our arms!

Brotherhood! There isn't a hideout in this world that is more ingenious, solid or more caring of the Jews of your type than our righteous party, Hebe!

It's an unexpected, modernised, motorised, ultra-nationalised ghetto! Our ultra-patriotic pavilion can certainly cover up all your merchandise and Jewish rot, without any trouble, in its little cracks and crevices, all nice and quiet, for a good two centuries! That's alright isn't it? Even better than the Lodges!

Come with us! Little Hebe!

Come with us! Come on!

You'll get all of the glory!

Firstly, you'll pocket some money! You subsidize! It's obvious! It's your contribution! Your share! A good favour! Understand? You're going to be a true "hero"! That won't shock anyone! Let alone "François"! You're Joan of Arc's brother! From now on! Jean Zay's brother! There, are you proud?…You'll wear the uniform! Ultra-nationality! You'll be on good terms with the colonel! Pay up! We'll call you Toucan! We'll take you in! You can relax! No one will go after you! Come with us, we'll look after you! We'll protect you! Freedom of the Rites! The Cults! Conscience! We'll enthrone you as the "Grand National benefactors!" Joan of Arc! Distinguished restorers! Get your hats! France will always be liberal! Across and against all! All indivisible as one! All good wills united! Masonic! Jewish! Cuckolds! Tyrants! Who gives a fuck! What a quest! How much? How much? How much?

The customer is always right! The biggest customers of nations are the Jews! They must always be right then.

The Right wing swallows up Jewish money just as much as the Left does. Those who are worst off are those who turn up a bit late, after the others to the market. You got to be really aggressive like vacuum-cleaner salesmen, trying to sell everything to every Jew that you come across…like pimps do with prostitutes! You can't do all that just by yourself.

But for the working-class Aryans, the humble contributors to society, the heroes with three cents, it's a whole different kettle of fish! If they ask little questions here and there, if they suspect all these Levys, Schwobs and Aramskys and all these Moises in command posts, they're silenced one after the other…

"Oh, don't worry"! You won't be screwed! The Jews are here for a good reason! We're leading them on…fooling them…subjugating them! A subterfuge! We have them! Under a spell! We have them cornered! We've got them by the pockets…magnificent work! They're with us and it's all a trick! It's only when they're elsewhere that it's dangerous! While they're here, we can eat them up…we can keep an eye on them…we're alert! We'll annihilate them…on the quiet…We'll chain them up…Go along!…Go along!…Little brother!…Don't worry…Trust me…as soon as we've taken the Elysées, we've only got to do one little pogrom of all the Jews, on our territory…Céline, it's just a little sideshow, a little blip in our intentions! The Great secrets of the Party!…Yeah!…We just have to make one small fire!… and then a pale, destructive cloud…We'll be so intensive in our Jew hating fury…Ah! We'll be like true volcanoes when we meet them! Poor fuckers! We're complaining about them now…Hold on! Patience! Patience! Long live the leader!…We have them caught in our nets! The Jews! We're going to vaporise them! Franco-Masons, the hour of vengeance has come, take a look at your synagogues

going up in flames, and then understand what we're going to do to you! They're not going to stop trying to win us over and detract us from our great National resurrection! Nice and carefully first of all! Then at full pace! In fact, it's almost been done…The colonel's in with it too…so it goes!…"

The moral: The Jew pays, the sacred Jew. Scum that pays up is divine. Scum has taken hold of France.

Those who want to play the fool, trip over, smashing through, swallow shit, suffocate us, strangle us and fuck off again. We don't talk about any of it.

Putting aside all the bribery and mischief, the fees for a party are enormous: newspapers, health centres, meetings, trials, posters, emergencies etc…an eternal deficit. You need a bandage for that, you need more and more, right away, lots of it, cash, without mincing matters…

All these payments are tragic…

The subscriptions from the military, bullshitting the public, none of it will do any good, it's just a sideshow. You need serious donations, huge loads of money to fill up the treasury ASAP, benefactors, stock brokers, Soviets, the government, 90% Jews obviously that lot.

The only condition is that all the parties go and take their money from the arses of the Jews…everyone has to eventually… sooner or later…

All the parties, newspapers, with a very few, rare, stoic exceptions, are just basically cover ups for the Lodges, dancing to the Jewish tune, violent subterfuges, traps for Aryans, democratic opinion comes right out of this ambush, always better, reinforced and more feverishly Jewish than ever.

Whatever label you give it! Despite all the offensive, furious, judicial denials, it's the Jews that are pulling the strings and have their hands all over the money! In democracies, gold is the ruler. And gold is the Jew. The rest is just words. Whoever wants to talk to the crowds has to first talk to the Jews and ask for their permission. The Jews then give their approval. After that, you can shout all you wish…anything you want, about anything, for anyone! Doesn't matter! He can do anything; he'll always get paid, as long as he follows the rules, as long as he steers clear of a few things…at least…as long as he puts in the tabooed phrases at certain intervals…at least two times a week…the essential phrases of the Grand Boutique:

"Germany is a nation of prey…the raging beast of Europe…the Germans hate Hitler…Racism is savagery…All the Jews are poor and persecuted…the acceptance, tolerance and welcome of all Jews of the world will make France great…a great war against Germany will be France's great triumph; the joy of freedom…" These are all the grand slogans of the fucked up, Masonic, Talmudic France.

As long as you can! Never too much!

These are the phrases that always please and cheer up the workers, bourgeois, bosses, civil servants…make no difference. They're all liberals.

Sure, we need a bit of flattery, it's child's play…keeping up appearances. We don't start right away! We just piss about! Do all kinds of shit! Awful shit!…Shit you wouldn't believe! Fuck you! What a laugh!

Vanity! Trousers fall down by mistake…certain times…the right moment…the right move…we learn how to take this in your stride with a smile…

Stoicism! The good, French sense of humour! All united against the danger! Fucking each other in the arse for the irradiance of the Motherland! National unity! Maintaining order in the street! Getting fucked over by the Jews, it's like Alasace-Lorraine all over again! The true patriots are always taken care of! For the pride of France! For the respect of freedom. It's all very lucrative. Prodigal confusion! One the one hand, banners everywhere, fucking dumb-as-shit Aryans, all up in arms, on the streets, in higher spirits than ever, radiant, glorious, juicy…on the other hand you got the Jew and his money, wise, kleptomaniacs, acquisitive, meticulous, in position, trying things out, grasping things, taking everything over, trying things out, taking away the spoils! That's how it's played! How adorable it all is!

Another battle won!

Look at those idiots fucking themselves over!

Another battle won!

Look at those fucked up idiots!

Look at those idiots!

Look at those idiots!

That's how they do it; look at the skill, a wily game…which we all end up losing, evil of all evils! They get better and better, rampant, stinking "heroes", plunging down, rotten, turgid! With funny warts on their faces, smeared in every appalling thing you can think of, without the slightest hesitation, the tiniest hiccup, during this stall of agony, these butchers, infections, the smallest sign of a revolt will trigger discoloration of the face, vomiting and puking to the end of time. That's it.

The Soviets would have been fucked a long time ago were it not for the affectionate support from all the banks, industries and Jewish propaganda; Masons all over the world.

This load of hacks, kidding themselves, is like a catafalque, holding up all the terror. None of that would have been possible without the beloved support of all the Kikes in the world.

Everything's been covered up, by music, everything absolved. This was done by faking a sense of hope, propagating lies, threats, slogans using every trick in the book; even the experts on this whole subject have kept themselves quiet.

Big old stinking load of propagandist cunts! The most shitty, yet elaborate institution of lies ever established by the Kikes for centuries…so far…the colossal rotting carcass that is the Soviets, covered with insects, drawing flies, beneath the Jewish spotlight: what a victory!

The transmutation of all values, carried out by those shameless smooth-talkers will never end. It starts off with ten of them but before you know it, there are over a thousand; then the masses start taking it seriously, start screaming this shit to high heaven and all fall for the same old tricks.

Outside of all this mumbo-jumbo, all this meaningless buzzing, the Soviets have just been set up, groomed, maintained and wound up just to serve the grand, global Jewish cartel, following every step in the Talmudic, war manual, revamped and modernised by General Marx (Same Jewish war in Spain as in China).

A Soviet is a synagogue first and foremost! Perfected! Modernised! Mechanised! Talmud 38!

Each Soviet represents a new bastion. Every comrade is a citadel of the grand, global, Jewish Empire.

A Soviet expansion: Loads of Jewish, highly corrosive, toxic cells, infesting pure, Aryan meat.

The Marxist contamination from Russia has been worsened by the simultaneous, massive, paralysing injections of Judeo-American gold (Coming from Amsterdam, New York and London).

The Soviets were planted in Russia by the Jewish banks of New York, Amsterdam and London (Loeb, Schiff, Sassoon and Warburg). The secret Lodges, the synagogues, the Lutherans, the grand Franco-Masonic States (Germans, French, English and Russians) Two sides have got together and helped the Soviets get into power from their silence…their distractions…their betrayals…their shady negotiations…opportunistic Liberalism…all music…from the Comrades to the virulent synagogues.

Every representative of the people is but a representative of the supreme Jewish police force: Aryan hacks. Verbose, “rationalist”, “promising”, “democratic” etc…

Stalin, who is at the helm, is a spectacular torturer. The cooking of the Kremlin is all kosher. It’s Kaganovitch, who is in charge of the spices.

The Soviets have only lasted and maintained their tyranny thanks to support from distinguished people and contributions made by the Jewish banks from New York and London, all run by democratic governments, all working for the “Kike Intelligence Service,” especially in the East.

The Soviets have given themselves up to the great famine. And the grand vengeance which will follow! The monstrous purging! The signs of the biggest massacre ever known to man! A truly massive earthquake! The Tiber won’t exist

afterwards; it'll go up in flames. It's almost impossible to fathom, to even imagine how much hatred comes out of Russia, thanks to the Jews. Not surprising when you think about their resentment in a way.

The Jews have massacred more than thirty million Russian Aryans since they came to power. The anti-Semitic fury of the Russians just needs the right conditions in order to go wild, to astonish the world.

No matter when the Russians fall: be it next week, or in a few hours, the Jews will overrun the place, from one side of Russia to the other. There won't even be anyone left to tell the tale.

Ah! You can't hear those lovely Jewish words anymore!

Enough of this bullshit! I highly doubt that the Jews are behind everything. That they've somehow been waiting for us. That they're running the shop. Knowing this, there are big consequences for doubting these Russian myths.

Their fears are all pretty conceivable. All of them, rich and poor all solemnly swear to the Cardinal directions, so that the Soviets don't collapse. It's what they're scared of day and night. They do everything to keep things in Russia the same. And trust me, they can do it.

Grand massacres! After the horrors of Hitler! What an epoch that would be!…That would just be too much!….Then the slave revolt would start and intensify…The Grand, religious, banking, political Jewry will take control of Soviet power, as if it's holding a massive blade over their heads "It's coming down!"

Between you and me, don't you think this Grand Jewry regrets never having fucked things up as much as they have done now, causing a never-ending series of disastrous fuck-ups! I bet they want to squeeze more out of us, but how would they do it? It can't manage!

Jewry lives in the hearts and the throats of the Soviets, right down to the core, in life and in death.

Find me a little, poor Jew who's ever said anything bad about the Rotschilds.

Find me a little, poor Jew who's ever said anything bad about the Soviets.

Find me a little, poor Jew who doesn't feel the need to oust Hitler.

Antisemitism "A la royale"[45]

According to academics…

L'action Française[46] on the 29th October 1938

IV: Goodwill and authority

Everyone accuses us of only seeing the dark side of things. No way. But on the other hand, we don't believe in saying everything is hunky dory when it clearly isn't.

I don't really believe that "goodwill" alone will do. It has to be used in the proper way. There's a lot of truth in what Mr André Maurois said in "Le Figaro": "The state of public opinion is a bit like an awareness of danger, they make sure that there is no uprising after the reasons for their decisions are made public by an impartial government. Whether it be from the left or the right wing.

WORKERS OR BOSSES, EVERYONE I'VE ASKED ALL MAKE THE SAME VOW: "WE OBEY"

Man is a social animal, who gets told what to do for a while, then revolts…The art of politics is to make sure that you don't have to go back on all of your promises when it's voting time, because shifts in public opinion happens very quickly. They aspire to be inexpressible to become the rhuirwgfoiwefjoiwefijowef^kewiohweo[47] Yes, the moment is good, yes, the time has come to take initiative…

Etc…

Charles MAURRAS

That style! That crappy style! Syrupy! Shitty! False! Jewish!

Emile Hertzog.

Czech land belongs to the Jewish usuries and not to the peasants who work there.

Lord Winterton MP in the House of Commons, May 11th 1934:

"So will it end?"

"You Czechs aren't going to stay quiet! They're going to give us a lot of trouble for a while now?"

“They don’t like the Czechs”

“Yeah the Czechs”

“They’re all soldiers, guarding against the Jews in Central Europe, the Lodges…”

“Ah! So what? Is that bad?”

“Well! Well! Maybe the Czechs prefer Goering?”

“They don’t like the Jews over there?”

“Not at all!”

“Not at all! They prefer Mussolini. They prefer Franco…They prefer the devil…They prefer Mikado, they prefer anything but the Jews…”

“But tell me, you’re true worms, you Czechs! You’re like the Krauts…True fascists, that’s what I hear! A load of racist Aryans! But I don’t give a fuck about that! I know better than to listen to you! Stupid little Jews!”

“That’s what I think of them! Antisemites! Horrible Sectarians! Regressive prejudices! A true load of persecuting brutes you Czechs! They fly that Swastika high! Mutilators! Ah! It’s time we sorted them out! You Czechs! Diseased fucking skin! Let’s end this shit! Make them a bit more democratic! More habitable! You Czechs! Open them up and put them on the road of liberal progress! Instil within them the mindset of freedom! Fuck!”

Ah! You’re right!

Ah! I don’t even have to tell you!

But you have the formula! It’s a sublime idea! What an amazing thing! What a masterpiece of our era! A fantastic thing for everyone in the East! You’re upsetting me! You move me to tears!

It’s normal!

You've suckered me! I'm yours! I'm right behind you! I buy it all!

So, let's get to it! Let's deport them all! Fucking Czechs! Conspirers! Bastards! Rebels! Slobs! Let's get them over here! Send them all to France! We got space over here! We always have room! We're not racists, that's why we're better than everyone else, we got space!…Space for everyone!…Thanks to the massive holes in the ground that the war has created! Wars upon wars! Fuck it! Death to the tyrants! In six months, these brutes will have all softened up! You won't be able to recognise them! They'll be peaceful, all ready for the Czechs! You really won't recognise them! They'll be completed Jewified! All of us half-Lévys, quarter Moïses, para-néo-pluri Mendès,[48] that's the true miracle of Paris! That's the fucking charming thing!…The exquisite sorcery of enchanting Jewry, three drops, three months, three months will do…six months max, the Czechs will become "normal"! Truly democratic Aryans! In six months they'll be transformed! Semitised! All done up in the way that suits Litvinov, Johaux, Nathan and Dimitroff, for the Comitern, Blum with his gun! It will be their pleasure, the greatest reward!

"We'll well and truly change them all!"

"Ah, I trust Baris a lot! Charmer of the capital! A magic spell! The miracle of the Champs-Elysées! The Galleries of Toutalévy! Ah! You make me cry! What passion!…

"Wait! Wait! We're not finished! Read what I've written! Right now! Read it to this cunt who keeps insulting me!

Ah!

Well?

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

There! There!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Just when everyone listens to the demands of the Czechs…

The International Commission of the Workers Party and Socialists comes out with this:

"We refuse to recognise foreign nations to establish their sovereignty on German lands which form a geographical unity." Declaration on the 26th April 1919.

The committee of Workers and Socialist Parties:

"People can't be repatriated against their will." Manifesto 11th May 1919.

The International Communist Party gathered at the Kremlin on the 8th June 1923. Adopting this notion:

"The Congress declares that there is no Czechoslovakia, the Czechoslovakian state, aside from the Czechs are made up of Slovaks, Germans, Hungarians, Ukrainians and Poles. The Congress thinks it's necessary that the Czech Communist party allows those, especially ethnic minorities to decide for themselves if they want to separate or not."

Czechoslovakia was born in Paris, under the great Masonic star. "I have researched and then subsequently found out the relationship between three different factors which have had an effect up until the end of the war, mostly through means of propaganda: Franco-Masonary, the "Droits De L'homme" League and the French Socialist Party…Information on the Franco-Masons gave me an insight into some of our French compatriots and Yugoslavian Lodges; I had the opportunity to give a talk on these issues for our cause and win over some Franco-Masons in Paris." (Memoirs of the War and the Jewish Revolution by the Jew Edvard Bénès, page 172). Where is the evil? Wonders the villain. Where is the evil?

Seven tongues and no heart.

A Swiss proverb.

I've seen that Jew Bénès working for the S. D. N. Fucking Talmudic shit, all screwed up with subterfuges, unbelievably sinister, conspiratorial and tied up in legal games, up to his silly old tricks. A true, little, disgusting rat, reeking of mediocrity. A vibrio in the veins, always ready to infect everything around it. A vile, venomous, little cunt at the heart of Europe. Purely there for the Jehovah Lodges! For Solomon! He's everything that the Masons want in a person: A plague in a limitless labyrinth of bureaucracy.

I say that the Jew Bénès, even though that this has been challenged loads of times because I knew an officer from the Kike Intelligence Service who set him free during the war on some bogus "let them go" policy. Bénès doesn't actually have a passport for any country. He actually had false passports made for him. After a bit of bad luck, he got arrested in London in 1916. He was actually known as a "Jewish agitator" over there; the same title was given to Litvinov, Béla Kuhn and Trotsky.

All three of them were well known for this "agitation" (being a fucking cunt your whole life) when they were all up to their diplomacy.

Perverse spirits make life unbearable. You find them everywhere. I feel like I've become so perverse that it's sent me into a racist fury. And not just a little bit, 100% racist! Just as Communist, without the Jewish influence.

Where we're at now, during these twisted circumstances, indifference isn't good enough anymore. You have to choose, you have to choose a means of perversion, being evil isn't good enough, you have to be fucking terrible, you need to be ultra-intolerant, you don't have much choice, it's Aryan or Mason, Jew or anti-Jew – there's twenty more years of fun for you!

I feel, unless I've gone mental, things can get even more perverse than this. Ultra-sadism. I feel really close to Hitler and all the Germans, they're like my brothers, they have good reason to be racist. I'd think it really bad if they got beaten. I think that our true enemies are the Jews and the Franco-Masons, the next true war is between us and the Jews and Franco-Masons, the war we have at the moment isn't right. I think it's a crime to force people to take up arms against people of their own race, who don't ask anything from us, just to make the ghetto robbers happy. This is truly the final collapse into utter depravity.

The Intelligence Service which knows Bénès better than anyone, painted him in a good light throughout the Czech crisis: they said he would be the one to overthrow totalitarian regimes, become President of the Democratic States of Europe (Masonic, that is), a sort of renovated S. D. N, Masonic-Democratic-Communist, acceptable for the masses, to be established right away. Jewish Europe 2.0. When this state is proclaimed, Windsor will become President of the European Senate! Phillipe Egalité 38![49] He deserves it. The Jew Simpson also plays his part well.

Three English Jews are in the mix as well: Israel Moses Sieff, Mark Spencer and Sassoon. After Rotschild they're the three richest men in England. Hey Presto! But The J. S. at the very last moment had problems with mutinies in the French army and the re-supplying of the British army. Maybe next time! In six months perhaps, after the successful election of Chamberlain's party. Week of the Czechs, week of the fools!

It will never be written down of course, that Bénès or Litvinov had anything to do with this triumph. They will be paid off like secret agents, like Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre, Borodin, Trotsky, Lawrence, etc…etc…

The party goes on.

The little fucking ambitious idiot Bénès hasn't finished wriggling about on the straight thread, or at the end of the thread, which is even straighter.

The Jewish weekly magazine "Candide," in the edition published on the 29th September, just when peace was hanging by a thread, took precautions and warned us all that:

"We should never forget the lessons of history. The way that people are caricaturised is a most extraordinary phenomenon. Germany has never had any respect for its previous responsibilities."

Candide is too stupid to be dangerous, even more stupid is the fact that it celebrates its own tricks, never mind! These "caricatures" could be applied to the Jews as much as the Germans, why not?

Let's have a history lesson! They're useful for everyone. The Nazis didn't invent Anti-Semitism. It's been around for centuries, from Diodore right up to the present day, when we look at the characterisation of Jews over the years, we're spoilt for choice.

In Antiquity

DIODORUS (30 BC – 20 AD)[50] A friend of the King Antiochus (175 – 163 BC)[51] told him to kick the Jews out because they don't get along with anyone else and see others as their enemies.

SENECA (4 BC – 65 AD)[52] "The customs of this cursed people have remained strong and have spread across many lands; the conquerors have imposed their law on the conquered."

TACITUS (55 – 120): "The majority of authors recognise that there is a disgusting sickness in Egypt, the King Bocchoris was told by his oracle to purify his kingdom by kicking the Jews out, because they're a race hated by Gods and men. In order to keep the people on his side, Moses gave him new laws; everything which is sacred to us is contemptible in Jews' eyes, and everything which appals us is condoned by them."

MOHAMMED (571 – 632): "We've been hunted down by evil beasts who breathe death for a long time. Aren't you supposed to kill beasts immediately that devour men, even if they're in human form? What are the Jews but devourers of men?"

SAINT JUSTIN (166)[53]: "The Jews are behind all the persecutions that the Christians have been suffering from. They go everywhere, spreading hatred of Christians and cursing their faith."

TERTULLIAN (160 – 230)[54]: "The Jews make up the field sown with the anti-Christian seed."

Mediaeval Period

GONTRAN, King of France (525 – 593): In 585, King Gontran went to Orléans; everyone celebrated, even the Jews, who were shouting even louder than everyone else. The King said: "Curse this evil, treacherous, Jewish nation, in which only deceit lives. They greet me with a warm welcome today, only because they want me to pay for their synagogue, which was destroyed by the Christians, using taxpayers money; but I'll never do that, as God is my witness.

The abbot TRITHEMIUS of Wurzburg (1462 – 1516):[55] "It's without doubt that there is a growing resentment against Jewish usuries, among the wealthy and the humble. I am all for legal measures which protect the people against Jewish usuries. Are we going to allow invaders to rule over us? Rule over us not because of their strength or superior courage, or some other high virtue, but simply because of their vile money. They want to fatten themselves up off the sweat of the peasant and the artisan with impunity."

LUTHER (1483 – 1546): The Jews love the book of Esther because it serves their appetite for vengeance and their murderous desire! The sun has never shone on a people more bloodthirsty, or vindictive than them. They think they have the right to assassinate and wipe out the infidels. There are no creatures beneath our sun that are greedier than them or will ever be – you just have to look at them doing their awful usuries. They pride themselves on the fact that the Messiah will return, they want to amass all the money in the world and keep it to themselves. I think that if we burn down their synagogues, we should then cover up everything that remains so no one can ever see it again: all their prayer books and copies of the Talmud where they get all their impurity, lies, evil and blasphemy from…we should give young Jews the pickaxe and the hoe, the distaff and the spindle so they can learn what it's like to earn their bread with sweat dripping down their noses…

ERASMUS (1487) "Whether it's theft or oppression of the poor, they're all victims of the Jews! They suffer so much that they can't stand it anymore – God takes pity on them! The Jews set up their usuries in little villages, loan out money and expect six times as much in return. They pile on interest upon interest and even more interest – a poor, unfortunate person then loses all of his possessions.

To the Present Day

Pope CLEMENT VIII (1605): "The entire world suffers as a result of Jewish usuries, their monopolies and their tricks. They have reduced unfortunate men to nothing, especially farmers, artisans and the neediest of the poor."

VOLTAIRE (1694 – 1778): "The Jews are nothing but ignorant and barbaric people who are disgustingly greedy and harbour the most intense hatred for anyone; they only tolerate them because they give them lots of money."

MARIE-THERESE, Empress of Austria (1777)[56]: "I don't know any disease more damaging to this state than that which drives men into poverty through fraud, usuries and financial contracts. A disease which leads to all sorts of malpractice which honest men abhor."

Benjamin FRANKLIN (1787): During the preliminary debates of the American Constitution: "In all the countries where there are loads of Jews, moral integrity has suffered, commercial integrity has been compromised, they do their own thing, without integrating, ignoring the rest of the population. They've turned the Christian religion into a joke and tried to curse it…they've built a state within a state and whenever they've met any resistance, they've then tried to strangle the country financially… if you don't exclude them from the American Constitution, in fewer than 200 years, they will breed in such great quantities that they will rule over us, devour our country and change our government…if you don't forbid the Jews from entering, in fewer than 200 years, your descendents will be working the land, just to pay for these intruders who are rubbing their hands behind the tills. I warn you, Sirs, if you don't exclude the Jews from our community, our children will curse us in our graves…The Jews, Good Sirs, are Asians…They will never be anything else…"

NAPOLEON I (1808), writing to his brother Jerome: "I've decided to do something for the Jews; but I don't want anymore of it in my kingdom; I've truly done everything to show my distaste for this nation, the most disgusting in this Yid Universe."

Mr NEWDIGATE in the House of Commons, 22nd March 1858: "I don't believe that a Jew could be a good member of this assembly, because Jews are strict followers of the Talmud, and the Talmud is anti-social and anti-nationalist…the Jews are both directly and indirectly responsible for all troubles and revolutions. They've brought about the ruin and suffering of their contemporaries by the most abject and torturous methods."

General GRANT (1861): During the American Civil War, the second declaration of General Grant read like this: “The Jews break all rules of business made by the Treasury; they also infringe upon every law that is promulgated, they’ll have to get out of here once this decree has been passed, otherwise they’d just break the law within 24 hours of it being issued.

Paul KRUGER, President of the Transvaal Province, during a speech in the main square of Johannesburg, in February 1899: “If it were possible to get the Jews out of this country without risking a war with Britain, South Africa would be free from conflict.”

Finally, from Léon BLUM, himself the counsel to Mr Bader: “The desire to live, the need to grow, to rule, and the Jewish forces, in one word.”

“At the service of international Socialism, Jewish capital will undoubtedly do great things.”

“… But it’s just as important to realise that if the Jews intervene in the social battle…if will be solely for the interests of their own race.”

The French people, who never dare to bring up their origins, are growing in number. They keep taking up liberal professions: trade union members, doctors, dentists; pharmacists never mention their origins due to shame, no doubt. They’ve all suppressed their origins. Dentists, doctors and surgeons weren’t born anywhere.

They exist, that’s all. A lot of them have come from, without doubt, poor places, from infamous ghettos. It’s worth thinking about. It’s written in black and white:

Doctor DiioerKMtch wrote on 31st December 1900[57]

Enough.

If you keep insisting, we’ll end up telling you that Dr Duconovitch was born in Chatou-sur-Seine[58], like Minister Mandel, and that wouldn’t even be true. You wouldn’t have got much further… and Kaganovitch? And Durand-Moumélian?…and Dr Lubomirzsky?… and Dr Klin-Voronoff? Where do they all come from?

Hundreds and hundreds of them… all “Heimatlos”[59] It’s tragic…loads of doctors, born nowhere. It’s funny… “Don’t tell anyone” is what they’re told to do. A family name gets out easily, just like it’s difficult to conceal the name of a town. Why all this “modesty”?

Anyway, we got to do something about it! All this can't last forever, people being born nowhere…it's a joke. I say that we, original French people, start doing it ourselves. We cover for the "non-natural" French children and hide their embarrassment. I'll help them out. I'm going to sign up to the trade union myself like this… I'll say I'm L-F Destouches, [60] born in Kiev on May 27th 1984, hiding the fact that I was actually born in Courbevoie (Seine), something which has brought me shame throughout the entirety of my crazy career.

I imagine this is going to lead to a lot of people doing the same out of shame. I can see people signing up to the C. G. T. like Dr Duhamel, from the Academy of Medicine, born in Lvov and…and…Dr Léon Duadet, from Goncourt Academy born in Bratislava…and…and…the world is basically being thrown away. A white lie. All of our brothers are renouncing their ridiculous hometowns like Saint-Mandé…Brioude…Verrière-sur-Couesson (Possibly coming from Brioude?) and will choose a ghetto with a better sounding name. (There are loads of ghettos between Reval and Trébizonde) So everyone will be with each other and the world will be screwed up. We'll all become Jewified, unrecognisable, even by our origins, we'll be homogenised, infected by the Jews, amicably, we'll have to re-do everything, it'll be a joy to force people to change doctors' birthplaces, it'll evoke the imagination of young girls, changing the names of hometowns to prestigious, fantastical, evocative places… places of a thousand and one nights…Tobolsk…Tourgai…Orenbourg…Vladimila…Tambor… Simbirsk…Amasaian…Kioutaich…Perth…That's pretty different from Bécons-Les-Bruyères, admit it!…It's far harsher on the tongue, at first, and then you get used to it…Tambor…Simbirsk…Amasaian… I was born in Amasaian…It's like I'm saying the most bullshit thing I can think of…But it's all OK as long as your intentions are good…get used to it!

We've given you some illusions, we think we've made you understand, but we're wrong.

We've laid out millions and millions of plans; without pretence or trickery…and we never knew how well they would work…It wasn't that important anyway, because you understood it all wrong.

You have to say something: in spite of all your talent and angelic efforts, even the way that you keep striving, despite constant failure, for a crystal clear explanation, an accurate analysis, the most precise orders, customary formulas, you still get it wrong.

You could have written it down twenty times and a further twenty times in outrageous handwriting, whilst humming along to the rhythm of the Paimpolaise:[61]

"He's got to put his teaspoon in his special cup of lime-tea, piping hot, just before going to sleep"…The client only acts on impulse, he takes thirty spoonfuls of it, when he wakes up, puts it on the boil. This becomes a massive scandal. He's going to blame it on you…And that's going to make things really complicated. I'll tell you something, without being arrogant about it. I'll pretend I didn't hear anything. That's life…When I remember this…I probably fascinate them. It's probably better if I go away…that's a type of talking…I'd probably be saved…They'd start laughing…They'd begin to realise that they couldn't keep me in one spot…they'd find it fascinating.

Maybe I fascinate you as well? Maybe I'll confuse you? Maybe you'll hate me? You'll think I'm a real bore, you'll hold me in contempt? If you've understood me up until now, that'll prove that you hate me. But listen to this…

I'll tell you nicely. The moving summary of all the digressions of those 50 introductory chapters…You won't ever have to complain!…with all these "ad hoc" conclusions…really solid…architectural!…

It'll be me that wins in the end, in this pathetic takeoff, this performance, that beats everything!

I'm one of these authors with a lot of puff, I got talent, I got nerve. I piss off everyone because of my terrible talent, my great big pair of balls (by god I'll prove it to you), I wank, I cum, I win, I stain the page with pure genius, between you and me, my friends, no one is going to forgive me at all, no one is going to forgive me ever, ever, the way I finish things off, the way I get stuff done, I'm going to walk around like a fucking queen, every time.

They want to kill me, my imitators, even my little pupils, through their sadness, and evil ways, they want me to die by a thousand cockroach bites, from the venom of a multitude of awful, rogue asps, tormentors. But my own skin will protect me; I've survived up till now.

Let's not ramble on too much, just say what needs to be said and make sure everyone hears it. Racism first and foremost! Racism before anything else! Racism x 10! Racism x 1000! Supreme racism! Purification! Cleansing! Only one race can live in France! The Aryans!…perfectly adapted and made for here. The rest of them are just fakers, impostors and cunts.

There are three groups of Aryans! The largest is the Alpines, the Nordics and the Mediterraneans: they're all Aryans. That's all, that's it. That's enough; it's easy to hold on to them.

The Jews, who are Afro-Asiatic hybrids, quarter or half nigger, half gook have just fucked everyone here and have nothing to do in this country. They should fuck off. They're parasites who can't assimilate, they're ruinous and disastrous, in every regard, biologically, morally, socially, and they're like diseased flesh. They're here to make us suffer. They've brought us nothing but suffering. It was the Jews who ruined Spain with their lies. They're subjecting us to the same treatment. They're going to make it impossible to live on our own land. They only want to rob and enslave us, they always want more, everything and to massacre us vilely in revolutions and wars which get longer and longer and bloodier… they're gangrenous maniacs, infecting us with the most deadly diseases. That's all they have to contribute. They're a thousand times more dreadful than any German in the world.

It was the Germans that saved Europe from the cancer that was Judeo-Bolshevism in 1918. We got rid of the Jews; rather we fucked them over in the wars, fucking hybrids, bastard niggers. The racial issue is more important, relevant and dangerous than everything else. All the demagogues just turn this whole thing into one massive orgy, party or phantasmagoria: whether it be the Socialists, Communists or the Masons.

All of these monstrous disturbances, imbecilic plans, farcical charades, Jewish horses and Jewish carriages. The Cabbala, witchcraft, satrapies, threatening to burn us all, every ridiculous effort to torture us in their Asian, Marxist-like ways. This is the Grand Guignol of the Kike fraternity. Shameless criminals.

Before we were all to become infected with Communism, we'd all have to be set up, they'd present themselves in a good light first of all. But all they are is just a bunch of rotten, disgusting Rabbis and niggers, these foul cunts, diseased and hooknosed people who are coming back to the 20th Century to turn the tables on us! Just like the in the prophecy! Fuck! There's going to be hell to pay! Hit the showers! Rotten puss! How are we Aryans going to get through alone? How do we purify our race? They're going to turn is into all sorts of things! We'll see what the Communists have in store for us! It would be really stupid to want to breed horses with some Percheron which is in a bad state, pigheaded and diseased. You'd

want to improve the animal, not make it worse! You'd refine its bloodline. That's proper breeding! You look after the father and the son, you don't mix them with Jew horses, cripples, spastics and retards, the scraps of the worst this world has to offer, odious shit that no one has touched for centuries in the East, kicked out, held in contempt and treated as the worst people in the Universe. So! That's what we're going to deal with, that's what we're going to let impregnate us? Fuck off! That's fucking horrific! Another century of this and we'll be trapped, paying for all of this bullshit, shivering in hatred.

Cannibalistic demagogy, optimistic, the crazy, modern Israelites force us to lie to ourselves, lie about our own qualities; which are already ridiculous and decayed anyway, all of us have turned weak, timid, boorish, dissatisfied, snot-nosed, crippled and cross-eyed. Despite all that, we're the ace in the hand of those who govern us, always ready to use us for the most extreme things and the most staggering ordeals! We'll take everything! The most awful obstacles float off into the sky with leaps of enthusiasm! Paradise in an armchair! In our grasp! All we need is a bit of training! Some help! A week more of work! Of "stiff upper lip"! And there we are! There! There! The Renaissance is here! Cinema! Every miracle in the world! It's a done deal so to speak! All together! Boom! The wall falls! Behind it lies Paradise! Why wait any longer? Who's stopping us? Still? Ask yourselves!

Ah! The lies! Ah! The foul, perverted, stinking, satanic pile of crap! Ah! The gilders of pills made from shit!

But Communism hasn't got anything to do with school! Or tremolos! Or politics! Or a transcendental philosophy! Or elections! It has no lessons to take from! It's about cumming and fucking! It's way cleverer than that! It's not a question of tests! It's about crossing! Breeding! That's what the Revolution is! In reality!…If you don't start off first of all with this awful, grandiose sociology, this wild, inexorable process before getting down to the gritty details; without a willing white population, you're only going to make people wince, you won't even get started, without a working knowledge of a suitable white race, you won't get an Aryan society, be it Communist or not.

All you'll have around you is a disgusting bunch of lazy cunts, all dodgy and vicious, completely unsuited to any training whatsoever.

All you'll have with all your rhetoric, vague desires, twisted lies and fakery; a bunch of fucked up, lying deceivers who just make everything worse with their own self-interest. Are you going to ask a jackal to renounce his old habits? To take up altruistic deeds? Are you going to wait around for the vulture to become civilized? All the teaching in the world can't do anything against the instincts of the flesh. Thirty six thousand blabbering, transcendental, apostolic Humanities faculties spread across the globe couldn't even knock off ten tiny specks off the shell of the smallest winkle before the time is up.

If the winkle doesn't see the sun, moon or the sea as completely convenient and suited to it, it won't do anything and it'll go back into his shell, it's exactly the same as men, except that men can trick himself with all of his "Yeah! Yeah! I'll follow! I completely agree! Bravo! Bravo!"

Man is the lying machine, the dodgy winkle.

Concerning great reforms, according to progressive sociologists, you have to think about chromosomes first and foremost. The mind can wait until later! We have time! We don't have to worry about the spirit just yet! That never helped us anyway! Beneath the spirit there's always the Jew! With their rotten bunch of crap! We can change anything we like, we have nothing to lose.

All the Marxist sociologists, rational only in an obsequious, duplicitous sense, pretending to be scientific and impersonal, treat us in the vainest, most narcissistic way, like the biggest idiots in the world, like a pile of shit. Hypocrisy, Jewified, materialistic bullshit, dodgy, heinous tricks for the distraught and the lost. The Jew, the king of the Jews who rules everything and who owns everything in our countries is a demonic breeder. An atrocious paradox! It's they who are the sworn enemy of our race! It's him, the Jew-king who is the worst, the most fanatic fornicator and ruiner of our race! He owns us! He, the most zealous and fucked up conspirator, with all of his foul crossbreeding and catastrophes, the most screwed up propagandist of our hellhole.

Our French Republic is just a massive enterprise of abasement, of niggerification of the French people underneath Jewish command. We have for a government a clique of sadistic kikes and fearmongering Masons whose job it is to abase us and bastardise us in any way possible, by turning us into the most primitive life-forms: half-nigger, half-gook, half-white, half-red, half-monkey, half-Jew, half-everything.

What every government has been doing since '93 is making us degenerate, all they think about is Jewifying us, niggerifying us, a bit more every day, in the name of civilisation.

Civilisation dreamed up by a French, Republican government is far better off with all the indigenous Aryans under the rule of the Jews, just for profit, the expansion of the Jews, all for the Jews' fun.

Every egalitarian, humanitarian, moral, liberating (according to "Science"), the word of the Masons, universal Democracy, etc…are just a load of terrifying, pompous strategies of the grand Jewish enterprise: The total enslavement of the Goyim by destructive, systematic, maniacal crossbreeding, hybridisations as far as the eye can see, massive nigger fuck ups.

Races can't just exist on their own, they can't defend themselves; they rely entirely upon us, they're "becoming" what they need to be, according to each species. That's it.

They need to last, to live on, through stoic and constant effort, by each living being, in order to overcome destruction and death.

They're always in this process of "becoming," they're always in danger and under threat.

The Aryans probably still have some chance of "achievement": i.e. purifying their own race, to de-niggerify themselves, de-Jewify, but they don't have time! They're too scared, too vile and too idle, they've just allowed themselves to be fucked by niggers and gooks – the Jews are going to wipe them off the face of the earth, unceremoniously.

Other races will come over here, gooks undoubtedly and shove us aside, throw us into the sea. France, the Empire of the Dying Sun.

The French niggers won't get off easy. They'll suffer servitude, wars, revolutions, mass-murders, endemic, ritual, hysterical, all from the Devilish State and their irresistible chaos.

"To be or not to be, Aryan, that is the question"[62] And nothing else! All the doctrines on the non-existence of races, the muddling up of the races, all these claims of the jumbling up of the races, this arsehole "esperantoism,"[63] all for Romain Rolland,[64] all for the grand breeder of Babel, they're just a bunch of fucking destructive cunts, all from the same Talmudic boutique: "For the destruction of the whites."

"All for panic, for the confusion of the sexes by every coloured dick imaginable."

The Aryan must eradicate all its disgusting race mixing or get wiped out, not in a nice way, a quick, soft, kind way…No! Through lashings! A million different tortures! Wars! Insanity! Ravaging necroses, terrifying, unavoidable convulsions and abominable stenches. The final stages of cancer. Hereditary mosaics of the bastardised Europeans, concealing the repulsive effluvia, anarchic hybridisations, repressed insanity, enough to fill up twenty hells and to fatten up all the surgeons in the world. The famous, humanitarian dream of the Jews is a pandemonium of all the dissolved nation states in the world, a melting pot of rotten races, lost through grotesque cons, all sucked into an infinite, manic catastrophe.

No more races! Nothing! Just a load of gigolos for the Jews, all around the world, dim-witted fucks, allowing themselves to be gutted.

To sum up, it's a gigantic, global cancer, made up of all the meat in the world, for the joy, vengeance and domination of the Jew. That bastard, the most repugnant hybrid in the world, is going to try different ways to fuck us all, by trying to look authentic, real, precious and sophisticated, just like those fucking nutcase kings who rule that "knee deep in shit" Kingdom.

Racism! But of course! But how! Thousands of different sorts of it! Racism! Coming from all our religions! We've had enough of it from all the Apostles and Evangelists. All the Jews since Pierre, the founder, all the way up to the current Pope, including Marx!

Nationalism is just a Jewish tool to make us fight amongst ourselves, to make us kill each other like dogs in kennels. That'll do! That's enough! Long live Racism! Let the bodies fall!

Long live religion which has made all of us Aryans massacre each other, systematically and indefinitely.

Long live this harsh, merciless religion which has made us live in perpetual terror and made us succumb to our basest instincts, fall into vice and fratricide.

We want to be treated worse than pork, we totally deserve it, there's no reason why we shouldn't!

We'll see our social paradise eventually, all in good time.

Of course, apart from in a few cases, the academics and mainstream scientific opinion, almost all of whom are Jews or Masons, flat out deny the existence of the Jewish race. In order to get rid of any dangerous controversy, they simply deny the existence of any races or the white, Aryan race in particular. “There are no Aryans on this earth.” This is the genuine slogan of mainstream scientific opinion. (Or should I say, the Judeo-Masonic opinion)

This “official” declaration basically allows these academics to classify you as whatever they want, these academics who you can count on, who have divine right and have the highest amount of power. The cross has power over you.

As for Racism! Ah! What a horrific convulsion! Of epilepsy and disgust! “The barbarous negation of any intelligent, dialectic analysis of facts! The most sinister bullshit ever! Degeneration has just as much power as hysteria! Filthy cretinism of Hitler!” This deluge of attacks fuelled by “science”…or the “analysis of “Olympian” facts”…Always facts! From Lavoisier…Pasteur or Claude Bernard.

Behind the scenes of this Franco-Jewish science you often hear things like “in the style of” the impression it makes on the crowd is always bigger and more effective when you include stuff like “in the style of Pasteur”.

Haven’t you heard of the famous professor Poirier-Levisohn? What do the racists think of him? Ah! Ah! Yeah! Yeah! My Emperor!

However, despite all that, anyway, there are always some rebels, some deniers of the clichés that are espoused by the most mainstream of scientific opinion. For example Georges Montandon, Professor of Ethnology at the Anthropological School of Paris I.[65]

Here is what this highly irresponsible academic said in his most recent publication, on the racial issue:

“Here is the most important point, the key to the somatic, Jewish problem, the Jewish hooknose – the most recognisable feature of the Jewish face; this is a valid thing to say.”

In the same way, the most noteworthy discourse of Emmaneul Leclainche, Dean of the Academy of Science, said on the 30th of December 1937 in a formal session, something completely racist:

“mutatis mutandis” for others – this doesn’t apply to one aspect alone, any other traits can be considered too as characteristics of one particular race; take the Oceanic peoples as a standout example: one of their physical features is the Jewish hooknose – a feature that comes up twice – i.e. a feature that two races possess, but only affecting a specific part of their bodies; this basically shows you that they come from both the alpine race (i.e. armenoids) and the Mediterranean race (i.e. araboids).

“The Jewish ethnicity, or rather the “Jewish ethnicity,” along with the Jewish nation, can be traced back to the place where these features developed: the Jews and those descended from Jews originate from two races, as shown by the shape of the cranium.

“Looking at the features, parts, masks and national characteristics which the two races have in common, you can see that almost all of them had them before spreading across the globe, these features belonged to their non-Jewish neighbours: the Armenoids and the Araboids – both of them had features that you would say are Jewish or Levantine, which overlap each other, I repeat, they come from two races, but you wouldn’t anthropologically classify them as being a “race” solely based on these features.

“But how is it possible that ethnically Jewish people aren’t actually Jewish? It’s a sociological question – completely rooted in the physical features of European races compared to the others around which they find themselves? You have to realise that these various races don’t come from the same era and don’t possess the same features as each other; certain characteristics are enduring and progressive, others languid and regressive. The Jews of today are physically enduring, trying to fight back against the annihilation brought on by race mixing, yet still have the same facial features as their ancestors. There’s also another aspect which plays an important part. Sir Arthur Keith, Head of the Royal College of Surgeons in London is the most respected representative of the idea that races can spawn from social, national and political groups. We don’t have to look at this in too much detail and his theories on evolution, but it is very possible to suggest that certain features are formed in a certain way, follow a certain model according to political and social groups over a long period of time. You have to admit therefore, that it’s very probable that the isolation and the

SOLIDARITY OF JEWS HAS ACCENTUATED AND REINFORCED THE MASK WHICH BELONGS TO THEM ALL.

“With regards to Jewish anthropology, we come to the following conclusion: those who say: “there is no Jewish race,” or even “Jews are an ethnicity, not a race!” are just playing with words. Certainly, you can say there is a Jewish ethnicity: i.e. the ethnicity which has played its part in history. You can even say, from an anthropological point of view that “there is no Jewish race,” in the sense that Jewish characteristics aren’t enough to classify them in the same way as other races. But, if this were to be the case, there is then definitely a type of Jewish race which allows you to recognise them through their physical features. Do I need to give examples? André Maurois (Herzog) the writer and Léon Blum the politican are people who have the characteristics that we have talked about above.

Luckily, we have a recent review written in an Anglo-Jewish magazine by Mr Henri de Kérillis (A genuine French expert) to make us forget all about it.

“France and Italy, being true Catholics, have always condemned religious Anti-Semitism, which the Popes have also condemned for centuries. Take a look at the most recent article in the Osservatore Romano which fights back against the rise of Anti-Semitism in Central Europe.”

“You can trace back modern, racist Anti-Semitism to people of barbarous origin, who come from primitive tribes, but it could never flourish in a country like France, made up by a conglomerate of people who are different from each other. A person from Provence, a Corsican and someone from Narbonne with Phoenician origin (Phoenicians were Jews who lived on the coast) have a lot more in common racially with the Jews than the British, Basques or the Flemish.”

There you have it! The Franco-Jewish army! Of course! In a conglomerate! How many men from Narbonne is a Briton worth? That would be nice to know…in time for the next mass-murder?

In the same issue of the magazine, we find another interesting study (it would seem) from a British historian H. V. Morton, about Jews in the ancient world, before Christ.

Referring to a portrait of the Jews which all columnists and jurists nowadays keep talking about, H. V. Morton concludes:

“This portrait is interesting because it’s the only picture we have of a Jewish person as he would have appeared to Europeans before the advent of Christianity. Persecutions, in the modern sense of the word, hadn’t started yet. The Jew was an armed man, a soldier who was always willing to actively defend Jerusalem, which remains one of the greatest feats of endurance and courage which has ever been recorded in any War diary. However, it is clear that people, back in those days, did not like the Jews. Jews were to those people at the time, mysteries, sinister misanthropes, arrogant and intolerant. They were always in search of privileges, they never stopped sending people out to those in charge to rally their cause behind the backs of the local authorities; they were also experts at political unrest. But the thing that bothered their contemporaries the most was their exclusivity, which made them co-habitants in a city, but never true citizens. They were men with a secret, a secret that was more valuable to them than their own lives. The ancient world, which had an intensely cosmopolitan spirit, declared that Jews were rebels of all sorts and couldn’t be assimilated into civil matters, they looked upon them with contempt and aversion. You must realise also that the Jews, who hadn’t even been oppressed in the Medieval ghettos yet, fought hatred with hatred.

“Thus we can conclude that in the Hellenic and Greek/Roman worlds of 300-100 B.C. there was antipathy against the Jews and a Christian intolerance for nothing, not even commercial jealousy: rather, it seems to be founded upon an incompatibility of views. Isaiah probably said it best when he remarked: “Because my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways.” And this regrettable lack of understanding is mutual.”

This proves that our ancient ancestors were much less stupid than us. They got everything right away, admirably.

The French don’t mind being ridiculous.

You know all too well that with Jean Kay, the nigger Jew as head of the Sorbonne, it’s just become a ghetto. Everyone knows that. But there’s a sub-ghetto, a sort of ghetto within a ghetto inside the Sorbonne, that you’re supporting, with your most recent contributions, entitled (for you cuckolds) “The Higher Learning School” an oppressive synagogue! Full of Jewish cunts! All the extreme imbecility of the dumb Goyim mixed together into one whole!

“The Jew,” remarks P. Gehen, in his study, “reigns with all the insolence of the pretentious man, conspires with others of his type, doing what he does to the tune of a thousand francs an hour. As for the Goyim, he has to work for ten years for some ungrateful fuck on some erudite subject or other. They’re let in just to make the numbers up, all their research gets ripped off; you’ll take one derisive look at their work, pretend to examine it, regardless of how good it is, if a French student wants to receive a degree which he deserves, he’ll come up against a barrage of treachery, lies and imposture. If the student wants to go further and is sure of his rights and merit, you can see him just being left boorishly at the door.” But guess what! Do you know who teaches all this French folklore? The Marxist Jew! Quite simply! The Head of Foreign Affairs and French Works abroad!… Fifty lessons per year at the “Higher Learning School”

“He makes the very generous sum of one thousand francs per lesson,” P. Gehen explains.

Don’t forget that it’s not just this Marxist who gets rich off our taxes. A Jew never works alone. This Marxist is surrounded by them all! In this prodigious bastion of culture, other professors, all French, all Breton like he is, all dying to scrape us off like dirt, to teach us all about our origins, to reveal to us who we are, where we come from, where we’re going, lecture us about where all our own poetry comes from! That’s 100% being fucked over if ever I knew it! It’s like fifteen defeats at Verdun! In my opinion!

A few names of these cunts, incredible professors, ladies and gentlemen: Maus, Marx again, Dumézil, Elisser, Grabar, Silvain Lévi, Stoupack (an alias of Mrs Bmnschwig) Masson, Oursel Weill, Peuch, etc…Jews!…Jews…Jews upon Jews!

The chorus of French donors: “Ah, how intelligent they all are! Ah! These professors! Ah! These academics! Ah! These Jews! What would we be without them?”

You end by asking.

Do you all agree?…

There’s only one Internationale in this world with power! The banking, political, authoritarian, Jewish Internationale. The world only has one thought, one intelligence, and that’s the Kike Intelligence Service.

The Internationale says it’s for the workers, for the working class, but that’s just a trick, it’s play-acting, a demagogic, Jewish subterfuge which fucks the Aryans over, fucked over Aryans, always in a shitty position, always getting shoved into awful catastrophes, into nonsensical wars, revolutions, crusades of massacre. All to the tune of the democratic lyre of “delirium.”

“Workers Intelligence” doesn’t exist, there’s just a working class shout, a gregarious Aryan braggart, shouting his head off, which the Jew laughs at, which the Jew has been exploiting for 2,000 years.

It’s just a massive trick for the Aryans, which the Jews around the world are just using for their self-interest. And it’s getting bigger and bigger!

All of our charities are Jewish, the famous “Charities,” true horrors of humanity! All of our newspapers (with few exceptions) are Jewish. All our bankers are Jewish. It’s only the workers who are Aryan.

All the profits from the work go to the Jews. It’s automatic. You work only to eat, all of you, just to survive, the rest of it goes to the Jews, to Jewish International Power, to the grand Jewish family, to the Jewish banksters. Classic. It’s just like

that. In fact the Aryans who are in these Charities, in the “big issues” are just figureheads, dummies, alibis, sold-out Masons, pretexts, gangsters, synthetic Jews…

There are fewer than 200 families in charge, it’s just a sole, international, grand Jewish omnipotence: the Jewish family, the grand, international Jewish feudal system, which has got us all ransom, which stupefies us, robs us, rules over us, thousands of times worse than the lords, barons, the arrogant rulers, the Masters, the Grand farmers and the bastards of the Ancien Régime. There’s no comparison.

The Jewish leeches are thousands of times more avid, corrosive, stubborn, bloodthirsty and greedy than all the brilliant despots and old, frivolous monarchies of the past.

Moreover, everything was done already under the old, frivolous monarchies of the past for the Jewish infestation, all the animals beating the doors of their cages. All the societies and secret Lodges, answering the orders of the Jew Ximenès who started the whole charade in ’89, all he had to do was fry up a few bits and pieces in the philosophical mish-mash for it all to be taken seriously! Barding! Fusing! Humming! Boiling! Exploding! Spurting! All of that! God, how disgusting it all is! It’s full of these entire encyclopaedic, Masonic, secret magic spells, all stuffed up, ready to fart all over us.

This is all the shit that was happening in the good old days of ’93! Our ancestors believed in all sorts of stupid stuff, and they weren’t even superstitious! The Bastille today is far more formidable than the pitiful excuse for a group of bad guys back in ’93, The Bank of England was the true Bastille back then! They had a tyrannical, global power which was cruel and dominating in a different kind of way. A power which set up all of our suffering, weaknesses and murders. A conglomerate of absolute, implacable, enraged, nameless and unknown enemies.

This world is just a nameless society under collapse whose administration is entirely Jewish and keeps getting elected by unanimous, enthusiastic Aryans, despite the fact that their management is a total failure. The Aryan has a taste for unhappiness and endless suffering. The Jewish administrators of the world, who do nothing, are the only ones who profit, at the expense of Nation States and our weaknesses. Their power gets stronger as more and more catastrophes take place. All of the world’s gold is rounded up systematically by the Jews by flash crashes, inflations, revolutions and wars.

All decisions of war and revolutions round the world are made by the Jews.

Gold decides everything in democracies, men, governments, things, law, art, music, arse, army, life, death, souls.

We’re just bits of meat to be exploited by the grand Jewish family, more or less idle, saleable, tough and docile. We’ll sell you all to the Jews, sort you all out left and right as one would do when selling cows, while you’re still braying, on the day of the fair.

The founders of a political party, whatever party, right or left, only think about one thing when they start it: when can I sell out my cattle to the Jews? Will they moo loud enough? That’s it.

The colour of the party? Red, green, yellow or mignonette? Doesn't matter. Opinions don't count either; it's simply down to how loud the cattle moo and how many of them there are.

A true political herd is all fanatical and loud because of bars of gold. And it's always the Jews that take it all. For the Jews they're simply cows, electors, soldiers, high quality Aryan meat that never gives them any trouble.

… He very quickly becomes the ardent champion of all the issues he supports.

The liner that he's got on will arrive at New York in five days.

Having had a good bit of rest, he'll get to know the captain, he'll ask not to be photographed and will refuse any interview and he won't want to appear in public at any cost.

But he didn't count on one thing, the reporter managed to find a weak point in him.

"You have to say some things, Professor Einstein, which will help the grand cause of Zionism…"

Having got off the ship, Einstein had already promised to make a speech at a gala, a fancy word for a dinner, for the radio, etc…

His five days in New York were just a whirlwind of activity for the cause of Zionism.

Edwin Muller: Study on the life of Einstein

(The Nation, September 1938)

Wendel! Wendel![66] Joke! Little Master! Silly Diversion! (Wendel in total obedience to his Jewish Counsel)

Wendel is just a little, insignificant stinking prick, a Bigfoot[67] that scares little children…but what about the rest of them? Humanity never names them, it's always just Wendel! It's getting tiring! We still have a king after all! And I mean a mighty powerful one too! Of the grand global dynasty! Louis XVI is a feeble squirt! It's Rotschild who rules us! Maurice? Arthur? James? Cunégond? Who are they? Who are the masters?

Ah! It would be pleasant if they showed him on film ever so often, that they told us about him on the radio, every day and night, reassuring us that he's eaten well…giving us his latest updates…that he's slept well…that he's done all his little

errands…but nothing…just lukewarm silence…a pitiless protocol…And our princes, despots of the grand Semitic satrapy? People working for them? We want to know them too! Officially…but it's always just Wendel! It's tedious!

We want real Princes!…Not fakes! Pretenders! Our Lazares and Dreyfus'! We barely see them…What an injustice! Our Stems, our Bollacks, our Blochs, our Baders, our Péreires, we can't see them, even when they're in front of us…here everyday…Our Emir Foulds, Cohens, Empains, we just forget about them!…We're taken for fools!…This is different from Wendel!…No one ever talks about them…What a crime! Never about Rotschild either, Louis; who is rotting in Viennese jails, locked up by the friend of capitalism, Hitler.

This is all very strange isn't it! Suspect!…The plebs, hoi polloi being fooled? Are the writings all Jewish? Are they hiding the main points from us? The leaders? The most prominent rulers of France, all Jewish, all supported and honoured by our Jewish cousins…Hum! Hum!…Quasi-divine despots! In the castles of Gascony, infested with woodworm, secret gatherings! No! No! No! These are fully functioning trusts which are the masters, organising everything, these all powerful Gods!…The forces which you count on, which you rely on, which you need…the real supernatural people who come from Olympus, down to the bone, irresistible, who starve us when they want, who make us vote for whomever they want, make us die when they want, where they want, when they want, without ever explaining anything to us. Only two or three grunts from the pack, slobbering beasts, and there we go! It's on! War begins! Or revolution! The end of money! Collapse of a continent! It depends…Like that, whatever they feel like,and you exist according to their crazy whims.

Before the war, the people never really understood the sense of those terrible words: Capitalism…Exploitation…Working class conscience…Trusts…Trade Unionism…It was all just lip service before the war…We just made the people shout them out…of course…the people, just bleating them…but making sure that they understood fuck all about the real social issues…It was like Chinese to them…they didn't really believe what they were saying…they weren't aware of all the sufferings inflicted upon them, making them martyrs, the crucifixion of the factory workers…convicts of all their labours.

All that didn't come until the golden age of propaganda, Russian propaganda in particular, coming from those degenerates, those shitholes. It's a small world.

The working class before the war had enough reason to revolt, being fed on piss-poor shit like the "Zola-like" melodramatic crises.

That's it basically, classic, it spread like a rash: a red fever after all the discourse, almost when the elections were ending, and it all exploded on the first of May, with the Barricades[68], all it did was anger the idiots, unleash the warships and let chaos envelop the streets.

The grand Commonertariat triumph during this period of damned simpletons was the shootout, with full force, gunshots, blasts, waves of heavy cavalry, the terrible shattering of glass, the clink-clank of steel and helmets, the cracking of armour, the splitting of leather, causing a huge mess amongst the squadrons. This was the triumph of the Commonertariat. I was there at the ceremony of the rioters, placed perfectly to remember all this. The beggars turned up, harmoniously and then it all started: the infantry of the people turned up, shots from the bayonettes rung out, the guns went off. This is what the crowd wanted, replacing the cavalry with the infantry, because horses just won't do. The bullshit begins, gets worse, ending with major fuck ups, scandalous fraternisation, controversies, muddles, meet-ups, more meet-ups, dates, petting, bucketfuls of this bullshit.

It's not long until the soldiers get involved, squabbles amongst the civilians and the connoisseurs. It comes in waves, distrust is sewn everywhere, disagreement over minute details, tiny things like equipment…methods…the role of officers…the presence of officers…forms of respect…the 36 portions, the colonel's duties…regimentary tradition…the value of troops in the countryside…the difficult manoeuvres in hostile terrain. True strategies, even worse than what Turenne came up with, concerning the moves of the infantry and the role of fortresses…The crowd that had come to revolt became the reservists. The crowd don't have any firm convictions in their demands. They forget why they're there as soon as they see those dickheads. These people aren't serious, but when they come back from the frontline!…Ah! Then they know things better! All those things, all those incredible secrets! The crowd of the crowd! The troubadours have been set free! Unrecognisable! Enlightened! You have to see it! "Let me tell you! It's terrible! Capital! The Capital! The Capitals! The Trusts! Formidable! Let me tell you! Let me fucking tell you!" All it is is just the horrors of capital! The horrors of wind! That's all that you can take from the great abattoirs of 1914, masses and masses: one word! Capital! He's got this sole word in his mouth! He can't say anything else! Capital! That's it! That's all he understands! That's all! Only one idea at a time! Only one word at a time!…Until death! You have to die for it! Capital! You can't think of anything else! Capital! Two hundred families! Only one idea, one hatred at a time! Vampiristic capitalism! Pressurisation of human misery!…All just an accessory to the demagogic comedy…an enormous, disgusting moaning which doesn't answer to anyone in Europe…

The democratic crowd, posers, underhanded, presumptuous, rotting with incense and ink, ultra-rotten, stinking, seduced by propaganda, the Jewish and Masonic lies, tempted by the Jews and the Lodges into boorishness, materialistic pettiness, never-ending claims and demands, the eternal bleating crowd are condemned to death. A mass of absurd hatred and vanity that can only be extinguished through blood.

Ever since the people have been sovereign it hasn't changed their tune: Capital! Capital! Capital! Ca! Ca! Pi! Pi!

They're a big pinhead monster the people, only holding on to a single old tune, a sole bit of nonsense, it's a great shame.

It's always the same thing that they churn out, that they've been saying since before 1914, one hatred at a time…learnt with all their effort, a load of sufferings one after another which you can't tell apart. He'll love his old tune to the grave. It's only after the next massacre, (it'll be a miracle if he lives until then) that you'll hear him shouting out something new.

"Death to the Jews! To the Dogs in the Lodges! Rise up, Aryans!" But without doubt that'll be later. All the smiles will fade. It's always too late when they set themselves free from the bullshit, 5, 10, 15 years of war too late, 5, 10, 20 million deaths too late.

In the meantime, what are the hungry people up to? These fishermen of misery? Between the deluges? Nothing! They hear themselves shouting, bleating, they amuse themselves with idiocy like faggots, futilities and dumb little things here and there…they never speak about the gravity of things. Never. They're all doomed to death, the people. One blow of the bugle, and they're off, you don't need to explain to them anything. They're always there, waiting.

Why haven't you gone to war yet? Why wait any longer? Why haven't you French people, insignificant little squirts, why are you still hanging around here? Why haven't you put yourselves on the line for your despots? Once and for all? Fourth, 202nd, 624th bit of meat? Why? You think that's normal? To not be on the frontline at Vesoul? Eh? Getting cut up on the Spanish frontline? Getting sent up to the mountains of Abruzzi? You've taken this long respite before doing anything!…Get rid of this illusion before any others. If you're still alive, it's not your fault, or my fault, it's because the Kike Intelligence Service is taking its time. Ever since May you should have been playing your game: blowing up "Siegfried"[69] and smashing the German hordes. You lose nothing by waiting. If the Brits are hanging around it's because they're re-filling

their supplies. They have bad memories from the last battle. The English have to revitalise themselves and muster up some bloodthirst. It won't do anything just thinking about it. Nothing on their islands can give them that determination.

The submarines almost did it last time…it was very close. The English only feed themselves with spoons from cargos, Cargos have to come and spoonfeed them so that they can win…Whoever holds the spoons wins the war…England is hungry…That's the problem which the English government and the Kike Intelligence Service can't seem to solve, as for "Cargos Vs Submarines," that's ok, the problem is solved, done. They get it. Defence is up for it. But "Cargos Vs planes" and moreover squadrons?… That's unknown, we don't know anything about that…Nothing…no experience…nothing known. That's the catch. The only one. The Gizzard of the Old Albion winces at that idea.[70] Nothing of worth on that island…apart from coal.

Cargos against planes? Rubbish! The experts of the Kike Intelligence Service have nothing…When they think they've resolved this problem: protecting the fleet between the Azores and Bristol; so French people, you can say that it's all over, that you're going to dive into all this like the musketeers, that the cataclysm is far from over, and then suddenly there's debris and brains scattered all over the room.

You shouldn't say that one little wound will do for now, one or two litres of haemorrhage to prolong the combat! Ah! Not at all! You morons! You'll be cheered up, sent off "pronto subito" on this awful adventure, until the final reckoning: God bless the bullfight!

Pissing blood will no longer be an excuse to get out of it, exempt yourself from the sarabande! Ah! But wait! But no! But no! Everything is in place!

What about Science? Progress? It's not worth it!

How about the army's surgeons? Emergency transfusions? You know nothing about "transfusion"? The human animal in combat, thanks to recent developments in transfusions, they're almost instantaneous now, even on battlefields, more of a reason to die. No. You pour blood back into the wound right there and then, be it "living" blood or reserve blood, according to the time, the conditions and the state of the body. You revive it to fight. The resurrection of the soldier comes as a result of this discovery, it's so much better. It's going to be chaos! 10 to 20 times better than '14! Thanks to transfusions! 50 times better than during the Empire! Any soldier can survive despite terrible wounds, decay way worse than '14. The tearing apart, shocking amounts of bleeding, haemorrhages which would have previously killed people. The health service is determined to fill up their sterile demijohns with their "reserve blood" to fill up juice into their veins. The remedy is always on the side of evil.

The loss of combative forces from haemorrhages has been minimised. More of these empirical massacres can take place, haphazard slaughters, grotesque butcheries like those at Charleroi for example, where loads of little soldiers were eliminated, drained of their blood, way too young, they could have just stayed that way, but they got pumped up again, two, three, four times over as the barrages of shellfire shot past.

Technical errors! Lack of preparation! That'll never happen! In the future we'll all fight until the very last drop of blood, your own blood, blood "injected" from the blood of others, of living people, of dead people. Ah! The "Compensatory Injection Service" will be perfect on the battlefields. War is a sport like any other. You don't need to tell us twice. We understood it all. Very good! Bravo!

Take swimming…Before the crawl…after the crawl…It's a good comparison. Day and night. Efficiency. Speed. Endurance. Tenfold.

Transfusion is the same for war, it spoils it all. It will be a miracle. The prolonging of a soldier's life through the worst trials, you won't believe it. Four, five times longer. It'll be enough just to give you an injection of blood when you've lost all yours. It's a question of organisation. That's all. It's easy. Like when you pump up a tyre when it's gone flat. Every time there's a leak: A litre of blood! And bingo! A bit of air! And good as new, send that meat back into battle!

No more excuses, the little trips to the hospital for a little bandage…tying up an artery here and there…the old grinding of tibias…it used to be all romantic, these little sentimental things…the tragic journeys of these "poor old wounded folk for the good of the snivelling populace!" Enough! Because the armies are all going to be efficient and modest now. Those at the back won't see any more of it, they won't be snivelling and sniffing any more…the entire kitchen of "bleeders" are going to the frontline, until the last light goes out, the last drop of blood, the last sigh.

We're going to use all the rest, perfectly, all of the meat, juice, bones, every scrap of every soldier, we're not going to leave out a single soul, they're all going onwards! Sew them all up; there we go, inject them, that's it. Gentlemen, as good as new! We'll fight to the end, with you and your hard working blood, fun, capricious, sprinkler, splashing, from the very first scratch. We'll sort you out; we'll replace bits of you (Carrel the Surgeon)[71]. We'll completely change you, until you're unrecognisable, but still useable; we'll replace your blood too, and send you off right away, to cut off Hitler's moustache and to machine gun and batter the enemy. All of the "transfusion services" are prepared for the great test. Listen up; it's a great pleasure to hear what Dr Tzanck[72], a very famous haematologist, had to say in the very beloved Paris-Soir,[73]

"We obviously can't get soldiers to act as blood donors (that would weaken them, because a blood donor should be suitable, should live a quiet life and have a healthy routine. For want of anything better, we should leave this job to "reserve blood," because the best way to conserve blood is to actually have it in a human body. But the disadvantages of such a thing are numerous…etc…"

There you go, doesn't that just reassure you? You'll have all the time in the world to win your honours, in the regiment, army corps, even a medal, only after you've been left for dead. And then it'll all be over!…you still have one hope: we can pump you up…you'll be recharged…go and capture those flags!

It'll be oh too easy with all this progress these heroes have made over months…months…and years

There's no reason to ever end it.

When I disagree with him, he insults me

When I agree with him, he congratulates me,

I don't think Mr Maurras is a real anti-Semite.

Emmanuel-Eugène Berl

Pardon me! Stone me!

But what is Maurras up to? I don't get any of the finer points, the various things, the random crap of his "Latinesque" doctrine. What's he actually getting at? A perfect Latinity? An alliance with Italy? But we're already in one! With Franco maybe? Why not! Then what? Don't know…hold everything together? Redo everything? Latinity above all? Become Felbriges?[74] Hurrah for Vaucluse?[75] Long live Petrarch! And Mistral! A round of applause for Virgil! And for Horace!

I don't like Latin and all that but I see why people do. "Suntverba etvoces praeteraque nihil."[76] (Horace and the pink pages[77])

Can you put Europe back together? Reunite it under a love for Latin? It's all there. But I don't think so. You need more solid reasons, force, armies, a new faith, race.

Latinism is for high school, it's academic narcissism, a mutual love for the Concours Général.[78] Germany has always distanced itself from Latinism. Always gone without it! Germany never took part in the massive fuck ups of the haughty Roman army, those athletes with their rhetoric, a prelude to the fuck ups committed by the conniving, scrawny little Jews later on. This is why everyone has a go at Germany, because we, the favourable nations with our "humanism," France and England, we're so much more civilised and fucked up.

German Barbarism! A nation of prey! The enraged beast of Europe! Teutonic Barbarism! That Caesar couldn't stop! Or Varus! Teutobochus the Bosch! "Monstrum horrendum informe ingens!"[79] (Virgil from the pink pages)

This really annoys Maurras. He's following the footsteps of Caesar. He doesn't want to quit school. He enjoys it too much. He's an enraged schoolboy. He's willingly held himself back for forty years.

Neither Berlin! Nor Moscow! "He's very proud of this proverb. He holds on to it with his life. It makes you sure…a little bit…He only alludes to things…he has to say it all! Say it in black and white!…It's not "Neither Berlin nor Moscow"…It's "With or against the Jews!"…The way things are going, if you're against Germany, you're with the Jews, that's it, simple. Maurras, you're with the Jews, despite what people may think. Neither Berlin, nor Moscow, that makes no sense! Just like "Washington-London-Moscow" against "Berlin, Rome-Burgos." It's either this or that! You have to choose! Now! Right Now! No more Latinesque bargaining. It means nothing to choose humanities, that's just going round the problem, digressing pompously, just going round in circles in a void of emptiness. "Abyssum, abyssum invocat" (Deep calls to deep, David; P. XLI. 8.)

Always on guard against the Germans, "the nation of prey," we're going to fall back under, fatally, the English yoke, under the English Judeocracy, under the famous "equilibrium," the admirable, astute "equilibrium" which we're paying for, through good centuries and bad centuries, through a good ten bankruptcies, ten or fifteen million corpses (and many more to come), an infernal increase of bullshit and epileptic democracy. An insane, never-ending suicide! A European equilibrium for us, that's it, in the abattoirs forever.

It's not that difficult, Maurras will find some ingenious, precious, providential, commendable thing: Hello! They call the Desert Peace!

"Ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant"[80] (Tacitus)

What does Maurras want? France all by itself? Completely independent? Answering to no one? The sole defender from now on of it's irradiate Gallo-Germanic culture? It's Petrarchist genius? Rabelaitique? Molièresque? Jeanson de Saillyteux, Mazarian, Maurassian above all? It's not that easy anymore…

That would be the dream, but it's a stupid dream. We're not under Louis XIV anymore. Mr Lebrun's farts won't spread across Europe. They don't even make anyone else laugh anymore, they're just farts for the hell of it: "Cuncta Supercilio movemens"[81] (He can move the world with his brow, Horace id.) France all alone is just a cakewalk…with Italy and Spain, it won't change anything and all we can do is fall under the rule of Judeocratic Britain. That's it. The most fastidious and most respectable dignities will fail to change the fatalities of this disastrous equilibrium. Independent France, whether it be in an alliance with the Latins, will still fall under the control of the English democrats. And we all know what that means.

The world is actually more fucked now than it was under Louis XIV when you consider materials, food, supplies, mines, industry and raw materials. The States which don't have enough of their own petrol, leather, wood, phosphates, cotton or gold, not even enough flour for everyone, don't need anyone, and certainly not boats full of people; they better all get together quickly, come together, and make the rich nations feel scared, or prepare to be obliterated, robbed, pillaged, cut up into pieces by the rich nations, led into slavery, by blackmail, in the war of tariffs, the short war, through revolutions, calamities and catastrophes which have yet to end. It's going to be like this, it can't be any other way. Why do we just simply ignore it?[82] Why don't we just admit it, the nations that have no oil, no leather, no cotton and no gold, can't sustain themselves. Independence for them is just a word. They are, and forever will be slaves, nations of Commonertariats, bodies and souls condemned to exploitation by the rich nations, who possess the privileges of leather, flour, cotton and oil. There you go, that's it.

England is an example of one of these vulture-like States, a vulture State! Par excellence! There is no real European equilibrium, just like there's an eternal conflict between France and Germany.

All that exists is a permanent influence of the English Judeocracy who intends to escalate the Franco-German conflict, by all means, century after century, in incredible ways, leading their beasts like cabbage, yet being very effective, the proof! "Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas…" (Fortunate is he who is able to know the causes of things; Virgil and the pink pages).

The European Aryans have only two cards left out of thirty-six! The "English Card," which they have given up to the "Kike Intelligence Service," by throwing themselves into the Franco-German massacre, in the most enormous, explosive, exorbitant and insane butchery that happened in centuries (perhaps for the last time! The yellows are at the door!") They're going to play the "German card," by revolting, and uniting, rising up against England, commanding over them, roaring against them, beating them, cutting them down to size. We don't need to speak of it anymore. Take it or leave it.

Not thirty six cards, only two! "Video cartas et lupos"[83] A very Latin saying, "I see the cards and the wolves!" Maurras doesn't have the pink pages at home, he does it all from memory. "Ad memoriam."

“To beat Hitler, you need to get rid of Stalin first”

DOIROT

“Liberté” 12th October 1938

Who is he going to beat Hitler with then, Doirot? With the only children of the French regiments? With which allies? France has no more allies. It’s too crestfallen, scabious, shit, infested with gangrene, contagious to be able to team up with. Hello.

During the most recent crisis that Belgium wrought upon us, not Germany. A day doesn’t go by where Italy doesn’t show us how disgusting we are to them, how much they hate how we look, we repulse them, they’re waiting for an opportunity to correct us…to show us what they’ll do with our rotten faces…our people don’t want to hear it, they’d rather keep their delusions…which get more and more cheap and odious by the day.

Who’s he going to fight Hitler with then, Doirot? With the Jews? He wants to get rid of Stalin at the same time? Brave little boy! Why not? Two birds with one stone! Bang! There! There! It’s all over! We’ve gone completely mad; our minds have gone completely mad, empty, airheaded, completely French! Cocorico! Cocorico! The beginnings of the paralysis! The madness of grandeur!

Just as absurd as Maurras, as Kérillis or Péri, true madness to contemplate. Do you see that you’re off in the air? That nothing is supporting you beyond the precipices? That all of Europe (including England) is waiting to watch you fall? As soon as possible?

What does all this conceit rhyme with? All this bragging? Provocations of pity, crippled with Malthusian annuities? We ask ourselves? The Vesinet[84] in madness! Taking us for idiots, fatasses, reckless, inconsistent, hysterical, presumptuous, spoilt and punctilious people which we are?…

And look at the boorishness of all these cartels! Look at it! A very French boorishness! But Doirot! But Maurras! You got to fight them back! It’s Hitler that has saved you from Stalin and the murderous Jews! No more! No less! It’s not your little grimaces! You got to pledge allegiance to Hitler! You would have been shot ages ago (with all the Aryans who spoke out) if it weren’t for him! What if Hitler hadn’t cleaned up Germany in 1928! If Hitler hadn’t been there, the Jews of the Comitern would have set up laws long ago, the provosts, in Paris, with their torturous masters. You would have been served up on a plate! You wouldn’t have been able to be here today! Ingrates! No! Indeed! You speak of how bad it is now. But you would have been finished long ago, all of this. It’s thanks to Hitler that you still exist, that you can kid yourselves everyday. You owe him your lives.

“Im going to skin you, Barbarians!” I’m going to fight you, enraged beasts! Disgusting savages! I’m going to kick your teeth in! Pulverize you! Me! Me! Me! Me! I!”…It’s a challenge…to screw you up…you’re up for it…you’ll see in a few days…the purge…the rest of Europe is ready to watch…it’s amusing to see braggarts get a hammering. Everyone’s happy. It’s a hopeless case, yours? It seems like you’ve lost your memory like the idiots you are? Or is it just self-importance? You’ve forgotten how long France lasted in 1914, just France against Germany? 15 days at most?

You've been getting drunk off the marl water? It's done…Cocorico! Cocorico! Cocorico!

Saved! Let's talk about…

The Jews.

I think Italian Anti-Semitism is a little feeble, a bit too weak for my liking, insufficient. I think it's dangerous. The difference between good Jews and bad Jews? Nothing. You have possible Jews, who are patriots, and impossible Jews, who aren't patriots? What a joke! Separate the wheat from the chaff! Immediately we start making these discriminations, liberal discrepancies, nuances, "equitable" measures, vulgarisations, quibbles, rhetoric, bullshit, all in "Latinism." Maurras is over the moon. But it's basically useless.

The Jew has been on top since we let them mix things up, gave them dialectic justifications…that's their job: dialectics.

A Jew is always right. That's the principle.

He'll always be right, one hundred thousand reasons, each one better than the next, to stay with you, to wait, keep waiting, and then one day, out of the blue, to kick you out, in two years, ten years, twenty years…Throughout history Jews have said: "every compromise with the Jews ends up with the Jews triumphing and the collapse of the Goyim." Classic. You can't stop it. You want to get rid of the Jews, but then you don't want to get rid of the Jews. Whoever wants the ends must want the means, not half-means.

Does a surgeon make a distinction between good microbes and bad ones? Those that he can just leave floating around the operating table, harmless microbes, those which are "lacking in danger," the inoffensive saprophytes, and then those which you have to kill right away, boil and completely destroy, to avoid the very worst illnesses and fatal septicaemia? No, this attitude would be inept, disastrous. He has to sterilise all of his instruments before the operation, not whilst he's doing it, and spend a good twenty minutes, very precisely going through them one at a time. It's like the A,B,C of being a surgeon.

Everything about a microbe is mysterious, like everything about a Jew. A harmless microbe or a nice Jew one day can be a menace, damnation and an infernal curse the next. Nothing can tell you what a microbe will do in the future, just like with the Jews. It's a dead end. Waves of aggression pass randomly by them, that's it, just whenever they wish, where they wish. Inoffensive Saprophytes, inoffensive Jews, semi-dangerous germs, becoming extremely dangerous the next day, devastating. They're the same Jews, the same microbes, all at different points on a timeline, that's it. No one can venture alone. That's it. You can't afford to let in a single dangerous microbe, or a single dangerous Jew onto the operating table. No one knows what'll happen, before all this, how would you deal with a microbe or a Jew which was seemingly harmless? All of Pasteur's opponents weren't completely stupid, or in bad faith. A few of them made very honest efforts in incorporating new pasteurisation techniques into their surgery. They didn't think they needed to sterilise their instruments more before operating. They thought they'd sterilised them perfectly, all in good faith, they'd heated them for a good few minutes, like a boiled egg, for two or three minutes, ten minutes maximum. The results were devastating. "Mr Pasteur is a charlatan!" His aseptic technique is a farce. I heated up all my lancets! According to this famous method! But my results showed that Mr Pasteur's techniques are just a maniacal fuck-up. His method did fuck all! The same infection! The same death! The microbes! The microbes! What a joke, what rubbish!"

Around this time, infections post-operations killed 95% of all patients. It took Pasteur ages (10 years of furious criticism) for him to make his critics understand that it was they who were responsible for these failures, not his method. Pasteur's discoveries were completely rejected in France, banned for ten years, by the most famous academics of the time. These methods wouldn't have been put into practice were in not for Lister, after a long exile in England. All of these arguments followed the French tradition perfectly, all the knowledge, lucidity, logic, Cartesianism and Narcissism. Basically, it took Pasteur ten years to explain the difference between 3 minute sterilisations and 20 minute sterilisations to the most intelligent race on Earth, the fact that there's a massive difference between a 3 minute sterilisation, which is absolutely useless (perhaps even harmful), and a 20 minute sterilisation, which is scrupulous, and thorough: it kills all the germs (and their spores) on the operating instruments and therefore eliminates any risk of infection.

For these eminent Latinist brains, the word "sterilisation" was enough. They'd got this before! They knew about this! It's just boiling, right? That's all, antiseptics? Yeah, two, ten, twenty minutes! What harm can a few minutes difference do? Ways out? Prevarications? Alibis? All these little bits here and there? Minutes? What difference does it all make? As long as you have the word: "boiling"? We boiled them well enough? That's the most important bit!

Pasteur was condemned by the Latinist, verbose, Academie de Médicine française, the moment the word was uttered, he was fucked. They repeated everything, all forty academics. That was it. If it didn't work, too bad! The Latins, the Latinists only have faith in words, that's it, it's not them that use words, it's the words that use them. They believe in words, that's it. They think that the world is a word, Jew is a word, sterilisation is a word, that everything falls into place with words, with one word, with one proper word, with a happy word. They come up with happy, verbose solutions, they don't know any other solutions. If some event like Munich screws up their little verbose solutions, you see them getting all depressed for ages, and unhappy because they can't understand their little world, which is just a world made up of words.

When they arrange everything and slice things up according to words, they believe afterwards that everything's ok. Even before they've done it! Before the words are there! In France, at the moment, we have the biggest load of vain, stupid fuckwits that you could ever imagine, the worst rationalisers and rhetoricians on the planet, the most dreadful bunch of arrant cunts and moralists in the whole universe.

Let's get back to our Jews…

What's going to happen in Italy and in France with the Jews is exactly what happened with the disastrous "pseudo-antiseptics". It's easy to see. Pretending to get rid of the Jews: these weak, moderate, literary, soft anti-Semites who censor themselves often won't help at all. If you want to rid a ship of rats, or a house of cockroaches, you wouldn't just do half, or just the first floor, otherwise in only a month you'd end up having ten times as many rats and twenty times as many cockroaches.

The anti-Jewish policy in Italy, from Maurras, which is going around in general, isn't worth much to me. They are just non-efficient, fantasy, literary disinfections. I'm pretty convinced that they're actually helping the Jews instead.

Ancient and contemporary history shows us that this fake, phoney action against the Jews does no good! Just look at the results!

For every two that go out the door, thirty six thousand come in through the window. And half-Jews? Half-microbes, quarter-microbes? You have to know what you want. Do you want to get rid of the Jews or do you want them to stay? If you really want to get rid of them, you can't have thirty six thousand different ways, thirty six thousand grimaces! You need racism! The Jews fear nothing apart from racism. Anti-Semitism, they don't mind that, they can get around that. Nationalism only lasts a while! And baptisms too! Racism! Racism! Racism! And not just a little bit, like just saying it for a few seconds, but full blown! Complete! Inexorable racism! Like a perfect Pasteurisation. If you just want to fuck about, then do all of your "equitable doses," judicious measures, nuances, anti-persecution policies for example…Basically just shutting up about it and keeping all the Jews, even better, all their cousins, acquaintances, relatives, (And God knows they got a lot of them!) And don't forget to search all four corners of the Universe sucked into your famous "liberalism," snuggle them up under your feathers, so they can admire you up close, you and your fine, inspiring understanding of cultural dialectics, the noblest humanitarian duties, of the pro-Jewish fraternity, of the identity of all those who are suffering. You'll be spoilt! Ah! You're not going to be total filth! Like that unspeakable brute Hitler!

Why does Maurras, I ask, fear racism? He has nothing to fear with his own origins? Maybe he doesn't want to scare his Jewish fans, the "good" Jews?

Conclusion: Even with the strictest morals, and the most terrifying rules, we're not going to get very far, but with pretences, half-measures and prevarications, what can we possibly hope for?

It'll just be better to admit right away that we don't want to do anything, we don't care, which would be easier, more honest.

Amen in the name of God! To hell with the Talmud!

There's nothing more Jewish than the current Pope. His real name is Isaac Ratisch. The Vatican is a ghetto. The secretary of State is Pacelli, just as Jewish as the Pope.

The Church is always ready to burn Joan of Arc all over again. Very happy! The Church, the ancient Jewish sorcerer! Merchant of candles…

Whoever eats the Pope will die!

Alexandre BORGIA

The world in all its madness, is following almost perfectly, the Jewish predictions. That isn't really surprising since the Jews are the composers of all our music, and all of the dances to which the people wiggle and dance: it's the least you can expect to find in the ritornellos of destiny.

Everything has basically followed the omens since Egypt…Nothing more to say, one after the other, all together, it makes sense. Up to 1940, everything's gone according to plan, but where it's all gone wrong, where the divination machine breaks down, gets muddled, screws up and fucks up horribly, where the wisest, most magic and superhuman Magi get lost, become

silent and drown themselves in vagueness is when they get to 1940. From then, nothing's right, it's incomprehensible. The gibberish intensifies. Darkness. It's a shambles in the magic world. They leave us lost before the abyss. Even Nostradamus, the master of the clairvoyants, the Yid (who predicted the Saturnalias in '93, day by day, 300 years in advance) gets confused, quibbles, stops himself, shuts up and swallows his tongue. The most supreme clairvoyants all start getting it wrong around 1940. There's nothing left in the super-lucid realms. All the prophets know no more. 1940 silences them all. Beyond 1940, it reeks of cataclysms. It's too bad to even talk about. All the clairvoyants should look elsewhere. They'd rather be elsewhere. The moths make them sticky…screws up their divination…they touch them…wriggle about…they refuse to put their glasses back on…the party is over.

For me, it's a shame, the shits have a grip on them, refuse to let go, screw them over (the Jews), according to the horoscopes, tarot cards, coffee grounds, salamanders, that they'll be this big event in 1940! They know where history is going, it's them who made it this way, it's the infernal pity, devilish tomfoolery, The Goyim get screwed over, fucked up, fooled, tricked, done in and owned by the Kikes, ever since the dawn of time! The grand, masochistic swindle of the Christian people, they know all about how it all happened, every road, every nook and cranny, every depth, every aspect of it, right down to the Catacombs, since Moses, from Pierre to Belisha, in every single ghetto…to the Comintern…Tralala! I can tell you! (Noises, phrases, poor words?) All bullshit. Pathetic! Silence! Shut up! With your crap! Bullshit! The Magi can fuck off with their shit! Give them back the key to all mysteries! They can do what the fuck they like!

"Pulsate et aperiatur vobis!" (Knock and it will open up to you! St Luke the Evangelist) I can't hold it in anymore, I'm going to tell you everything which you haven't been told, don't tell this to any children.

It wasn't just yesterday, since Charlemagne, that everything has been shit in Europe. Since Charlemagne, the goose has been cooked, cooked again, taken out and used to boil the Goyim's blood!

Since his son, The Debonnaire[85], the feeble, the infamous dupe, the devout Christian crank, of public confessions, the contrite, the pious, the Emperor filled with remorse, the mortified Emperor, confessor of all the indignities that have befallen the entire empire, a gift!

The Emperor, devout husband, overcome by mystical remorse, melting…served soft-boiled, porous, friable, served up to her terrible grace, Judith de Bavière, a wife of dismemberment, a savage Jew! Louis Débonnaire the meek! Louis the penance! Louis the Aryan! The confessor! And his line of spellbound, cowardly followers, all of the Caroligians were all devoted, meek and overly penitent, mortified, humility-loving…wusses…flakes…Charles the Bald[86], Louis the Stammerer[87], duller and duller offspring…greenish offspring…confessing more and more, disastrous, mad with indignation, of falsehood, of mortifying lies, of penitence…hair shirts, lack of balls…even little ones…more and more tearful, deplorable, contrite, defeatist, scrupulously anguished, an insatiable thirst, inconsolable, toothless, bunch of wankers, mea culpas becoming more and more quavering, pathetic, more and more frantic, more and more bald, more and more stammering. We were so careful! Meticulous…Ah! We were all thrown right from the very beginning into the fuck-up that's self-denial! Submission! Withdrawal! Holocausts! Detachments! Sublime docility! Punishments! Punishments! Emasculations! Sacrificial joy! Massacres and expiations!

Ah! We've been spoilt right from the beginning with penitence! The rage of penitence! The masochistic tenderness of Christian confession! What do we have left! One cheek! Two cheeks! Thirty-six cheeks! The whole buffet! Thirty six thousand candles! Bladders! Bladders! All the stars in the sky are just laterns in the Temple of our stupidity. Faith! Faith! Fuck faith! What do we have to show for our Yiddish guillibity! Can you believe it! The madness of suffering! The Caroligian descendents didn't know straight away how to denigrate, collapse and renounce themselves more badly and emasculate themselves even more, crawl hideously underneath the stoups of the Pope, make yourselves more disgusting by more and more renunciations and gaping macerations. The most shameless, screwed up bunch of Christians who have ever been under the iron rule of the Hebes. When I say Hebes, take note of the Bishops as well, they're the same thing. An entire

empire on its knees! Begging! Pleading for forgiveness! An Empire of confessors! From the Emperor to the poorest serf! All on their knees! Ah! What an extraordinary display! The whole Aryan race under voluntary slavery! Fanatical Masochism for everyone!

The Christian religion? The Judeo-Talmudo-Communists? A gang! The Apostles? All Jews! All gangsters! The heads? The Church! The head gangster! The head Commissar of the people? The Church! Pierre? An Al Capone for your hymns! A Trotsky for your Roman mujiks! The Evangelist? A gangster's code…The Catholic Church? A solace of kind, consoling words, the most splendid racket that there's ever been for the destruction of the Aryan race. We can never beat this! Since Sesostris this has been the ultimate aim! The miraculous nougat! It's just the Goyim who are crooked! Every time! Every way! Into the Catacombs! To Babylon with Citroen! From Catalonia to Chicago! It's bound to happen! The Goyim shall bow down! On their knees! The new part of this whole plan is the "Communist" strategy, basically "on your knees" for the rest of us, of course, inevitably, but the Evangelist would have it no other way! It'll never be better! So assured, so cushy! There's a lot of "straw"[88] in Communism, strategies that poison you, promises of good which never amount to anything. It'll never be better as a system, a rapport. The other, the "Catholic Legend" floats off into the clouds, it's out of control! No risk! A complete mess! Only in dreams!

The thing that kills Jews with Communism, is so unbelievable, that you can go to Russia, see it, come back again and still say that it's not true…nothing in Heaven exists like it…it's as if ham doesn't fall from the sky[89]. That's bad. Christianity, a liquefying faith, condemning all to an eternity of kneeling down, cowering, getting fucked over, doomed, sacrificed, ready for every Jewish plot, every Yiddish fuck up, getting fucked over again and again, every Abyssinian rush, everyone in battle, everyone suffering! Resignation! Religion of the slaves! Belief does it all! Penitence! Confessions! Tender confessions! Confidences! Re-Penitence! Macerations! Abnegations! More and more trials! Sacred! Torture! Blessing! Adoration of beautiful suffering! Whining! Off with your trousers! More contrition! Heartbreak! Desolation! Focussing on the pitiful indignity! Purgatory! Purging! A future of confessions! Sadness! Sadness! More sadness! Flagellations! Crucifix! More! Eternal remorse! Tears! Tears! Mourning! Lamentable mortification! Agony! Thank you! Amen! Amen!

What a lucrative godsend this all is for the Jew: this planet is overpopulated with slaves who are all hopelessly contrite, self-critical, introspective, lost people, overwhelmed and enslaved by the phantoms that float across this nightmare Earth. Is there a juicier, more delectable, more profitable or more enticing thing than these poor saps of Mount Horeb.[90]

It's unbelievable just how many Aryan serfs are kept in this humiliating state of servitude! As if they're all suffocated! Seething with self hatred, feverish, rough, scrupulous with their brain-dead tricks, always really proud of sucking up to and whoring themselves to their Jewish satraps, the crueller they are the better, getting disembowelled from head to toe just for fun, all for the radiance of the idol Moloch[91], never enough! Never too much! That's the miracle! Can the Jew ask any more of the Heavens and of Earth? The Jew-God reigns supreme!

The Aryans love anything that harms, debases and screws them up. They'll tear themselves to shreds for any Kike, even those more awful and disgusting than the others… Pierre, Marx, Trotsky, Roosevelt, etc…

The Aryans are completely constipated and blocked up inside, apart from when the Jewish dick fucks them, and then they suck it, lick it, caress it, love it and enjoy it. This is more than just their fury, but the foundation of who they are.

The complicity between the Jews and the Christians is a prelude to the Judeo-Masonic rule which started at the treaty of Verdun. The treaty of Maceration, of Dismemberment. The destruction of the Carolingian Empire. The Sabotage of the Empire. The dividing of the Empire into three patches of land

France, England and Italy. The European sabotage. Rearranging Europe into forty absurd frontiers. The Creation of an impossible Europe. The creation of an eternal Franco-German conflict, the eternal Franco-German butchery. The inexhaustible slaughter of French and German Aryans.

The Apocalypse, in the name of the prosperity, glory, enjoyment, pleasure and orgies of Israel.

The Reich Government opened

The Rhine-Danube canal yesterday,

Which Charlemagne started

Newspapers, 31 October 1938

Fuck off with your parchments! Out! Troubadours! Lute! Tales! Oh! La! La! Back that way! Away! To the museum! The shame! Paraphernalia! Rabbit-skin! Old clothes! Defrock! Romantic mind! Can you hear the Ostrogoth! 843! Why not Mathusaleh! He should eat himself alive! What an idiot! A Joke! He's really funny! Truly! Ferdinand Luminal! A scandal! Sellout! The Vampire of Aix de Chapelle! Shower! Shower! Charlemagne! Oh! Oh! Oh! Priceless! Truly! Spraying! Immersion!

It's curious, to me, I'm not laughing at all…I think it's crepitate, it really proves my little story about the Débonnaire.

The Tour de France really pisses me off, with all this melodrama and eulogy. It's dull, pompous, the Tour is just tasteless, crass, archaic, compared to the treaty at Verdun in 843. This isn't just showing off, this is sincere. I really care about this treaty of Verdun in 843. I'm not alone either, even you people who are laughing, cheeky people and you care about the Treaty of Verdun in 843. You simply can't stop thinking about and you can't get over the Treaty of Verdun in 843. You'll drool rivers from the emotion of 843. This is something else! Other than the Byrrh, Suze, Bartali, Pernod, in every Col de la Faucille![92] Ah! Sorry! You hear nothing in the "news," more marvellous than the splendour of the 843 Verdun Treaty!

It's Paris-Soir that keeps going on with its ridiculous tropes, two hours trump sixty centuries of history, the bits of detritus served up in a Judaic mass of eloquent shit.

It's not the screen or your little sellout friends that will keep you up to date. No one will ever talk about the 843 Treaty of Verdun, or about your cursed origins. It's not "L'Humanité which will keep you in the know, Gabriel Péri[93] the Jew, the radio, Ben Azet the Jew, or the public Synagogue, or Gallus-Latzarus, or the rest of the French press, full up of lackeys for the Grads-Pretres-Bollack-Stem-Havas Jews who are the source of all the news! It's not Romier, or Mauriac or Buré, etc… all men in the conspiracy are synthetic sub-Jews. It's probably all good to write about "Germany, the furious beast, the nation of Prey" and their "Universal conscience"…they explain to us all of that crap…certainly amuse us and even perhaps move us [sic].

The catastrophe of Verdun 843 has permanent consequences and is worse than any other, in terms of violence and effect… They should fill the newspapers with gigantic photo montages and panoramas of this. You would see all the Aryans getting killed, by tanks, barricades, cavalry charges, Hoplites, pots of burning pitch, barbicans, it would depend on the era and the type of Crusade. You would see that across all of history, our Aryan history is just a mass of mass-graves.

There will always, always, always be a load of people to massacre.

There's no need to do a little murder here and there, because you'll just have one massive abattoir stretching as far as the eye can see.

A real newspaper for the people, amongst the people, done with the people.

We've been separated from the Germans for 1,100 years; 1,100 years of shit, of total fuck ups, 1,100 years of non-stop lies, ill-practice, palliative treatments, dubious remissions, and of solutions that make the situation worse, rotten solutions.

We're never going to escape. We are the children of a nightmare. A monster whose blood spews from his mouth and eyes onto us. We only speak of blood, drenched in blood. We see nothing but blood.

For 1,100, we, like captured sheep have been stuffed into one abattoir after the next, one mass grave after the next, always fuller, more desolate and more bloody. There is this dirty sense of fatalistic butchery which rules over Europe, a most dedicated devotion to every sort of murder, repugnant in the extreme, enough to disgust the Lord Our Father, if he wasn't such a fucking cunt himself. More than 1,100 years of ridiculous disembowelment, of apocalyptic nonsense, of massacres for no reason at all. Isn't that enough?

Do you realise now? We're put to ransom? By this fucked up bit of parchment, enslaving us to confession. A treaty of shame and of weakness? An expiation of fuck ups from a perverse set of Christian Caroligians! Fuck off! It's truly a hell of shame and vested interests! That's it! Isn't it time we burnt that treaty of 843? Haven't we burned enough French and German barbarians alive, for 1,100 years? For the benefit of the Jews? Don't we realise that yet? And for the last four centuries for British sorcery, for Sarah-La-Marmelade and her lot, after that, we'll talk!

Until proven otherwise, it's the filthy Miss Marmelade, the dirty Brit, unapproachable, all done up and shiny who is in bed with the crooks. It's a real shame that she's been sold out to the sick bastard Kikes. She doesn't deserve any words, just a sword! In the face! That would spurt her blood everywhere! That face of arrogance! She'll only work for ten thousand pounds! The whole regime is a slave to her! She's the provider! Role on the shit! Role on the pain! Role on the mass graves! Whoredom! Sarah Marmelade, Europe's provider!

De Profundis

All French money, the rural, earnest money is no longer in the pockets of the French, but goes straight to the Jews, in the basements in the city. All it took was a short century of triumphant democracy, a great Masonic rule to accomplish this

miracle; the money never flies by here any more.

It doesn't matter where it is, what type of jobs there are, the remunerations of industry, the artisan, the press, the arts, medicine or whatever, it's all the same. All the more money for the Jews! And even in these trusts, these parasitical trusts, which none of us have anything to do with (the two hundred families…) all you needed was a century of Lodges and then all the Jews get the money. The indigenous people get nothing. They've been pillaged and burgled. The miracle has passed. We have no use anymore, apart from getting blown up in wars, defending the gold of our patrons, our Kikes and their Gods. What good will that do? I ask you? The meat of the French, indigenous people will be cut up, fried, stuffed and garnished, melted and made into a stew, served on gas, on the battlefield, on four fronts. All these dead Aryans will make a great Easter feast! For these little emancipators! Preach! Preach! O my brothers! Emancipation by the evil ones! You'll win! You're all going to be winners after the anti-fascist crusade! No one will be left out when we dish out the spoils! There'll be enough for everyone! You have an incredible chance! Mark my words! Recite your "Pater"! Your "Dies Irae"! Word for word! Your announcements! Your "Ave"! Spoiled! No need to hold back! Everything's ready! Everything has been worked out! To the Kilo! Every offensive will yield lots of meat! All for the ravenous hunger! All for redemption! It's all in your nature! Go on! For the love of God's flesh! True gifts are falling from the heavens! All deaths are equal! For the good of humanity! Truly inspirational agony! Amazing pain! Wonderful comas! This truly is something! It's brilliant! How are you going to finish it all off, I ask?…Eh…I ask you? Natural deaths, no doubt…banal…old people's pain…in beds…lamentable…Yuck! Ok let's go! What's the wait?

An offensive which stalls is barbarism gone soft, which gives up in the face of danger. We need more! Right now! The time is now! Hurry up! The Major States all approve, all they want is for you to join in…Listen to me, if this is tormenting you, if you really can't wait any longer, if you are too impatient, you can go right away and join the Marquis Marty D'Albacete[94] on the governmental front. He's got work for you. Marquis D'Albacete is there for the unemployed, he was great on the Black Sea, killed many at Castille, amazing at Toulon, but take note…The Marquis Marty D'Albacete is not just excellent at the art of war. But he really appreciates the value of man.

When the next Crusade ends, God knows when! The Jew will be able to boast about how he was in control of our worthless souls up to the very last millisecond, right up to the last shivering drop of the supreme haemorrhage.

Even worse! Even better! The sooner the better! The worst would be that we bring you back to life in a horde of cuckolded load of infectious fucks, who want to be put in the abattoirs, have their throats cut out and who can't get enough of sacrifices.

The Aryan States: lands of beasts for the Jews to all murder. Ritual battles in which we get cut up, divided up and screwed over in every way possible, segregated into different social groups, treated like cattle during the intervals.

You've had a Europe like this since 843. Years of division and dismemberment. This grand game has not stopped ever since, and it's not over, and it'll keep going. Understand that.

But Ferdinand, tell me, are you going to stop all this pretentious crap? This contradictory rubbish? These imprecatory paradoxes? This patronising vitriol? Where are you going with all this? Are you going to stop? Stop blabbering so much? Get to the point! What do you want?

I want an alliance with Germany right away, and not just a little, pathetic, laughable one which is just palliative! Nothing could be worse! Not at all! No! No!…A real alliance which is solid, colossal, built nice and solid! In life! And in Death! That's what I say!

I'm not going to hide my opinions and feelings. I think that without this alliance, we're fucked, we're dead, it's the only solution. We're both full of poor people, poorly equipped for any task, only rich in military force. Separated, and against each other, we can only kill each other. Separated, against each other, next to each other, we can only be miserable, slaves to murder, the Masonic provocateurs, the Jewish soldiers, the beastly Jews. Together, we can command Europe. It's worth the effort to give it a go. We'll scare them so much that they get the hell out of here. We don't even have to touch them, we'll just shoot at them a little bit… just in front of their toes…We'll awake from a nightmare. They'll be gone!…Forever!…

We'll put London in quarantine, right away. We could do that immediately. The hatred between us and the Bosch is fake, contrived, unreal, artificial, just kept going by the Treaties, the Lodges, the newspapers, the radios, paid for by the Jews. This can all be done in 48 hours. Nothing is irreparable.

Men need hatred to live! That you can't avoid! It's obvious, it's in their nature. But you only need to hate the Jews, this hatred, not for the Germans. That would be a normal hatred, saving, defensive, providential, like one would have for a ravaging virus, or the oncoming of the plague, the rats carrying the disease. That's saying something.

Hating the Germans is just like hating nature. It's the wrong way round. It's our mortal poison. We're injecting it into ourselves everyday, in more and more fatal doses.

France is only Latin in terms of coincidence, of chance, of defeat, in reality; France is three quarters Celtic and Germanic. Latinism is just for the meridian Franco-Masons. Latinism is closer to Greece, Greece is basically the East. The East is full of Lodges. Lodges are basically Jews. Jews are basically niggers. So be it!

The niggerification of the whites by the Latins, by Masonic promiscuity. France is Aryan, not Jewish or nigger. France at its core, without question, is Germanic and Celtic. The part that's fucked, but also the part which works, produces and pays for everyone, is Celtic and Germanic.

10 Parts of the North are paying as much taxes as the rest of France. The Brits killed just as many people in a sole day in 10 parts as all the Jews in France did during the entire war.

The non-Celtic part of France is giving up and giving away the country. It's giving the country away to the Ministers, their venerable gentlemen, the lazy Congressmen, it's the cheap and filthy part of the Republic, the Meridian, profiteering, fare-dodging, political, eloquent and crass part.

There is no fundamental or irredeemable hatred between French and German people. All that exists is a permanent, implacable, Judeo-Britannic creation, which is trying to prevent any unification of Europe into a sole bloc, a solid alliance between France and Germany like before 843. The Judeo-Britannic genius lies in the fact that they've played us off against each other. One massacre after the other. Disembowelments which leave us completely screwed, French and Germans, drenched in blood, completely at the mercy of the Jews in the city.

Europe under English tyranny is just an infinite massacre of Franco-Germans.

The beasts of the continent are always pro-English, empty, enslaved and incapable of resisting the British yoke…a damaged Europe, always ill, as if in a coma, that's the strength of England for you.

The Franco-German conflict is the condition, the supreme industry of England. It's the prosperity of England.

The Franco-German conflict resurrects the ashes of England.

Like the phoenix.

England doesn't even have to do anything. Each Franco-German generation will massacre each other before they have the chance to; it's always more stupid, more ridiculous and more damaging. They can never wait to roast and annihilate themselves in cataclysmic Jewish mass-murders.

I think it's pretty clear. I'm not a fan of making vague allusions or ambiguous statements. You got to say it all or say nothing.

Franco-German Union, Franco-German Alliance, Franco-German Army.

The army makes alliances, solid alliances. Without an army, agreements are just platonic, academic, fickle, indecisive… enough with the abattoirs! Franco-German alliance right away! The rest will sort itself out, Italy and Spain below us will, of course, join the Confederation.

The Confederated Aryan States of Europe.

The Executive Power: The Franco-German Army.

A Franco-German Alliance for life, and in death.

That will do it! That alone will end the joke which is the Judeocracy that's been here for millennia, the never-ending human crusade, of democracy, the incessant, the unstoppable butchery which is called "liberation", "humanitarian", "salvation", "redemption", The Rhine, the communal grave.

That will be the end of the British Empire, it will be a miracle, of British tyranny, the collapse of the Empire! All the better! Good God how good that would be! The end of the nightmare.

All our suffering comes from London, from Judeo-Britain. Us French, and even the Italians, we'll just remain what we are, slaves to England, enchained to British money.

Being allied with the Germans would be different: we could throw our chains away.

With England, we're stuck with them, for eternity.

We're the masters of Europe.

We're in charge of our destiny.

Those who say otherwise just don't realise it yet.

The Franco-German Alliance reduces the Judeo-British power to zero. That would be the end of it, at last. The Solution.

The only anti-Jewish force in the world, the only peaceful force: the Franco-German army.

Anything else is just a trick, babbling, a diversion, a Jewish farce.

The Franco-German army, four hundred powerful, resolute divisions of infantry.

Who's got anything better? Who's hesitating? Waiting around? Disagreeing? Got something different? Raising an eyebrow? Arguing over the detail? Kicking up a fuss? Being contrarian?

We're waiting.

Who's going to be the rebel, who's going to be grouchy, uncompromising…screw in the works…

Mr Maréchal Pétain, It's not just down to a handful of forty year old crippled, lame, wrinkly fighters with arthritis who have by some miracle, somehow escaped the mass graves to give you your pathetic military salutes.

No! No! Mr Maréchal! To the left! On the other side! It's the Jews in the City! The Powers of London! The demonic democrats of the Kike Intelligence Service that you got to shove into the ditches! Mr Maréchal!

You're wrong, Mr Maréchal! The Enemy is up North! It's not Berlin! It's London! It's the city! The bunkers of gold! The Bank of England with their lackeys! That's the real enemy! I know this all too well, Mr Maréchal! I can explain it to you; show you, if you allow me to…I know the best ways…

You're maybe a little scared, Mr Maréchal! You don't have any effective solutions! You don't have the most important thing! 400 perfect divisions of Franco-German infantry!

Of course! Of course!…Fatal Incompetence!…irreparable!…Nothing to do! All is lost! Horribly! No Chance!

It's probably the only victory that would mean anything, the end of the Bank of England and the Jews of London, Mr Maréchal! Our ultimate recourse! Who gives a fuck about the other victories!…They're of no interest to anyone else, apart from the Jews. They're Jewish victories, guiltless Aryan massacres are only ever for the Jews, more and more savage butcheries for more and more stupid Aryans.

It's not worth trying to explain anything to the Aryans. "Cheap wine and whatever!" That's the ultimate "Credo" of the French Aryans.

Even that is amazing in their eyes. It's their catharsis, their mass mentality, the mentality will be the death of them.

So what about takeover? You do nothing? Luberlu? You didn't think about that, did you? You think we're not close to it, but it's already been done! It's crystal clear! They're taking over! But that's the abomination! It's an infernal stain! Being taken over by the Bosch, just like that!…Don't you feel ashamed? Just waiting for it? Spouting this bile high and wide! This load of insanity! Degenerate, sadistic idiot! How on earth! An alliance? You want that? Damnation! If we get close to it…But they're going to take over! It's over! Ah! We'd rather have three or four million of us get killed right away, in horrific battles, in these wonderful, sweeping movements, getting ripped apart, than survive under the rule of the Bosch, than to ignobly surrender to their will! All alive! But that's impossible! And twelve centuries of heroism? What would you do about that? Nothing? France will lose all its heroes? Good god! Fucked! Taken over! Enslaved! Swallowed whole! Yuck! How could you think of such filth!

What! What! Good God! But Taken over, enslaved, swallowed whole, trapped, we can't be more of those things than we are at the moment, under Bloch, Blum, Daladier, Rotschild, completely…

Invaded, skinned, ransacked, eviscerated, rotten, ridiculed, destroyed, flattened, we couldn't be more screwed over than the days of '38.

This French land, without exaggeration, is nothing more than a base colony served up for Jewish exploitation, a sub-Palestine, but more degraded.

What rights and freedoms do we have left? The right to be chained up by the Jews, for the Jews, in the most repulsive jobs, those which tire them, those which they can't do, those which ruin a man and leave him begging, and then at the mercy of the Jews again, and the wars which they wage. That's it, that's all, that's the will of the Nation.

Revolt suits us perfectly! Easy as pie! We who are indebted, trafficked and sold off, by all the Jews in the world! It's like dying with a Jewish dick cumming down our throats with all this bullshit! They've truly fucked us! We have nothing anymore, nothing, not even a song, it's all Jewish now.

Possessed, Taken over? We won't be any more, and worst of all, not right now.

Basically, the question is: will we remain slaves to the Jews or become German again? That's the choice.

What have we got to lose in a Franco-German alliance? The Jews.

We can handle that catastrophe. We'd get over it. Then we'd have perfectly good, valuable and tested instances of Franco-German marriages. We'd have the laudable edifice of Switzerland! What are we waiting for?

I've never heard about people from Zurich singing about how they're going to oppress Ticino and people from Geneva talking about how they're going to rob and pillage Basel. Never.

France, and its administrative centre, Le Vesinet[95]

But the Jews aren't wasting their time. They've got the better of you, the Germans, the English and the Italians, ever since Munich. They're running rings around you while you sit there slobbering, idle, thinking about so-called "terrors". Cocorico!

You're not afraid of it at all. The sun falls, you look left and right. Europe turns against you. You don't know it. It'll be you who pulls the trigger next. Soon, it'll all be about who your allies are. There are more allies for the monsters. It'll all be down to how the provinces will be distributed, who's going to get Franche-Comté[96], annex Normandy, repopulate Aquitaine and reunite Corsica and Marseille, and give back Algeria.

That's all.

No need to beat yourself up about it. The wheel keeps turning. It will destroy for sure, again and again, many men. Millions and millions. Here and there and many more. It'll never end.

They'll speed up the killing, as the helpless meat sleepwalks in waves, into the mass graves, which keep getting bigger and lavish.

There's no reason for this to end. It's natural.

You don't need to hurry this on. It'll happen by itself. No one can stop it. They keep on talking about the "benefits," but they don't even understand what that means. They don't want to know anything about it. They are ill in soul and in the mind. Events will unfold. Entire races and continents will be completely wiped out. Right away.

Because they don't understand anything, they don't want to learn anything, they want to keep on doing the same thing over and over, the same stupid mistakes, very good! Very good! They're fucked! They still win anyway! At being the most stubborn people ever! Literally everyone! It's incredible how they do it, dividing everything up, with spectacular fires, suicidal military manoeuvres, extravagant furnaces, gigantic infernos, mesmerising pyrotechnics. The cursed school!

The world is fucked.

We live in the century of smugness. We are simply a bunch of smug people.

I'm going to cut the duck's[97] wings off. It'll fly all the same. People have been saying that Hitler has paid me a lot of money. This is the typical duck, if I dare to say. I don't give a fuck if you accuse me of awful shit like this. I'm used to it. It's the stupidity of the remark that really gets me. I feel underappreciated. Are you really too stupid to come up with anything else?

Think about how much I make from my books, my novels, basically ten times more money than I need to live. I know the world all too well; I've been around long enough to know that I'm not immune from everything, from the immature, the most furtive illusions and the most hidden weaknesses. Renounce it. Nothing. No control.

I've got a little bit left on the side for really bad days. I've hidden myself away so long that I no longer need help from people, even if I were to live another hundred years. Absolute bastard – have I even been taught about the human condition? For 35 years I've been working on it, keeping my mouth shut so I don't get fired from everywhere. But now, it's done, all done, I can open my mouth when I want, where I want, my big mouth, when I want to.

Get over yourselves.

What I'm writing, is what I think, quite simply, no one is paying me to say these things, nothing is spurring me on. No one, nearly no one else can boast the same thing, can claim the same thing. I can. It's my claim. My only claim. And it's not over! I haven't finished working. My 71 year old mother tells me I shouldn't rely on anyone. She keeps working, earning her living. I'm the same. I'll do the same. No cowards in this family. At 71 years of age I will be pissing off the Jews, the Masons and the editors and Hitler too if he has a go at me. Let's make it clear. I got to be. I know it, the man in the world

who cannot be bought off. Proud like thirty-six peacocks, I wouldn't cross the street just to collect a million. There you are Ferdinand, hunky-dory. You have to kill him. I know no other way. The bad thing is that people will always judge you for your opinions, and they're all for sale, on any day, every day.

Even the richest, the most superb. They won't stop offering themselves up. In fact, their entire life is just being a whore, eternally sumptuous, pretentious and cowardly.

I'll tell you something else. The most profitable things are for left-wingers, not right-wingers.

It's weird, thinking about this that Italy and Germany are the only two countries who have never sent me a dime for my translations. They translate and that's it.

Do you believe that my pen is worth nothing for the Kremlin, or for the Bank of England, those who cover shit in gold.

It's far easier, more profitable, to give money to the Masonic side! In any case!

I've basically been told. Think about it, to take everything, even in France it would be very difficult to pop a million into someone's bank account? Under one pretext or another? Think about it.

Stop judging me with your opinions.

To end, if something's bothering you, despite all of my explanations, if it's stopping you sleeping, if you can't stop thinking about it, come and ask me, in person, face to face, straight out, one of these days.

Stop hiding in the corners.

ALREADY…

The strong Jewish influence was so clear at Louis The Débonnaire's court when the bishop of Lyon, Saint Agobard, was treated with scorn and contempt when he shared his reasonable concerns about Israel to the Emperor. When he said that his civil servants were as hard on the Christians as they were soft on the Jews, it became a scandal for the great Bishop in the Jewified court.

LouisDASTE: Secret societies and the Jews.

THE MOST RECENT NEWS

5th November 1938, in "L'Humanité"

"Yesterday was the inauguration of the Trade Union of Metalwork in the Paris region…Never before has this organisation deserved the name given to it in yesterday's paper: "The Best Syndicate in France"…During the reception which followed, there were speeches by Doctors Kalmanovitch, Oppman, Rougès, Lecain, Bli, etc…(all Jews), the main people behind all of it.

According to them, Mr Dreyfus, regional head of Social Security, showed his approval and said that the administration etc. etc."

"L'Action Francaise" on 5th November 1938.

"The Minister of Education Jean Zay (real name Zacharie) is going to preside over this remarkable ceremony."

"Next Monday, at 5:30pm, he's going to go to Solomon Rotschild's hotel to honour something amazing: the transformation of the conductor Bruno Walter into a French citizen, who left Germany because the lack of Aryan titles was hindering his musical career."

BOUQUET

Dr Logre, a doctor in the Hospital for Police, revealed that cases of delirium tremens have almost doubled since the issuing of recent social laws.

Absinthe is now being served in half-pint glasses that you would normally use for beer (Le Populaire, December '37)

The loonies have shown an increase in their acts of madness, putting our country top of Europe for cases of mental insanity.

The so-called "Benedictine" which cost the capital 750 francs is now worth 6,860, thanks to dividends of 200 francs 80 in 1935 and 355 in 1938.

EVERYTHING HAS NOW BEEN SAID

The Front Populaire, where all the dickheads gather come out with their bullshit and openly say that we're nothing more than a pathetic bunch of dirty, idiotic pests, who deserve to be enslaved to the Jews.

“The Front Populaire in the Paris region, moved by Anti-Semitism, cropping up in certain places, most notably in the Alsace-Lorraine area in the Parisian region are trying to put the Parisian population on guard against Hitler’s cronies in France.

He demands that newspapers be banned from inciting murder and says that in our troubled times which we’re going through, a union of Democratic forces is necessary to stop us going down the way to International Fascism, the agitator of war and misery.

He recalls that, since 1789, France has made no distinction between French people and Jews and that he will not allow customs that bring dishonour upon totalitarian states to spread.

If the French aren’t capable of competing the Jews who are

GETTING INVOLVED IN EVERYTHING, FROM THE FACTORIES TO THE GOVERNMENT, BECAUSE THE JEWS ARE MORE GIFTED AND THEREFORE IT’S OK THAT THEY CAN LEAD AND RULE OVER THE INFERIOR FRENCH PEOPLE AS THEY PLEASE.”

(A notion which was voted in unanimously by the Front Populaire in the Parisian Region, 23rd September 1938)

When will we all be turned into meat?

[1] “Bagatelles Pour Un Massacre” The first of Céline’s pamphlets.

[2] Supposed headquarters of the Freemasons

[3] Anti-Jewish song calling for all the Jews to be kicked out the country

[4] Song which makes fun of Richelieu

[5] A giant in Northern French folklore

[6] Fiorello H. La Guardia, mayor of New York (1934-1945)

[7] References the protagonist of the Sinclair Lewis novel of the same name

[8] Céline invents two words in French: “Eclatouiller” and “Explosillir” both meaning exploding, or bursting.

[9] A department of the First French Empire formed in 1795

[10] “That is the question” is written in English in the original text.

[11] Invented words “postilloneux” and “louchailleur”

[12] Made up word by Céline

[13] Made up by Céline

[14] “hantés du panais” is an expression only Céline has ever used, phallic imagery perhaps?

[15] Some person’s name

[16] A list of things typically French, newspapers, people etc.

[17] French League of the Interwar period led by Colonel François de la Rocque

[18] To be pronounced “Nyah!” and “Non”! in a mocking tone.

[19] Made up word

[20] Céline uses 3 words “bessarbien,” “indoustagene” and “kirgizanique” to describe the obscure places where the so-called “rats” would come from

[21] Play on Pétain.

[22] The illuminati symbol with the eye inside it.

[23] Communists.

[24] A unique usage of this particular phrase, not seen anywhere else in French literature.

[25] Germanised version of “sociologie”

[26] Book written by an Australian Lieutenant in WWI, George Fielding Eliot and R. Ernest Dupuy in 1937 about the upcoming war (WWII)

[27] Bernard Lipschitz-Lecache was the leader of the “International League Against Racism and Anti-Semitism.”

[28] Lyonnaise organization

[29] French newspaper at the time

[30] “Police Judiciaire” French equivalent to the CID (UK) or the FBI (USA)

[31] Heir to the Tsar in Russia.

[32] French shipping company that made warships for both World Wars

[33] Release of the book “Antiquities of the Jews” by Flavius Josephus in A.D. 93

[34] The phrase “Trique d’operette” is ambiguous and has not been used anywhere else; it literally means “operetta cudgel” and is probably used by Céline to combine the Bourgeois hobby: “operetta” with violence: “cudgel”.

[35] Alliance of Left wing parties in France.

[36] Written in the French text as simply the English “because”

[37] Concrete French defences on the border between France and Switzerland

[38] Céline tries to come up with the most ridiculous Jewish sounding name possible.

[39] A pseudo-patriotic, “djingo” like spirit

[40] Symbol of British patriotism – like America’s Uncle Sam

[41] Monarchist, far-right philosophy espoused by Charles Maurras (1868-1952)

[42] Pun on the word Pétain, “Bédain” essentially means a fat belly

[43] War between Spain, France and the Republic of the Rif in Morocco

[44] Arsenal F. C.

[45] May refer to the popular French dish “Lièvre à la Royale” cooked with hare.

[46] Organisation founded by Charles Maurras (see footnote 40)

[47] Long stream of gibberish in the text

[48] All three of these names refer to prominent Jews

[49] Possibly referring to Phillipe Pétain (See Note 21)

[50] Possibly referring to Diodorus the Sicilian, who advised the King of Antioch to get the Jews out of the country.

[51] King Antiochus IV Epiphanes

[52] Seneca The Younger, tutor of Nero, Stoic philosopher, son of Seneca the Elder (54 BC – 39 AD)

[53] Justin Martyr, early Christian apologist who lived in the Roman Empire.

[54] Christian author from Carthage who died in 240 AD, not 230 AD as is written by Céline

[55] Johannes Trithemius: A German Benedictine abbot.

[56] Marie Antoinette’s daughter

[57] Incomprehensible name

[58] District in Saint-Germain-sur-Laye in the West of Paris

[59] German for “without a homeland”.

[60] Louis-Ferdinand Céline’s real name

[61] French song written by Théodore Botrel about a quaint fishing village called Paimpol.

[62] Written in English in the original text

[63] Reference to the universal language “Esperanto,” with simply the word “arsehole” used as an adjective in this sense.

[64] French author (1866-1944)

[65] Pantheon-Sourbonne University or “La Sourbonne”

[66] French investment company

[67] Translated from French word “Lustucru” – a phonetic spelling of “l’eusses-tu cru,” referring to something make believe or a popular myth, like Bigfoot.

[68] Paris Commune in 1870

[69] Hero from the Nibelungenlied used to describe all German people.

[70] “Old Albion” Is a French derogatory phrase of the English, originating from the 16th Century.

[71] A reference to Alexis Carrel, a French surgeon who pioneered vascular suturing techniques.

[72] A reference to Arnault Tzanck, a French pioneer of blood transfusion.

[73] Newspaper that was circulated between 1923-1940, and then only in occupied territories between 1940-1944.

[74] A group of people who wanted to uphold and defend the Occitan language

[75] Area in the Occitane region, near Avignon and Aix-en-Provence

[76] There are words and voices and nothing more.

[77] A selection of Latin quotes in the French dictionary printed on pink pages.

[78] An acclaimed examination taken between the penultimate and final year of school in France.

[79] Hurrendous, hideous, huge monster

[80] Where they make a desert, they call it peace.

[81] “He can move everything with his brow,” ,quote from Horace, referring to the fact that Jupiter can move everything with his brow; it is also misspelled by Céline, it is “moventis” in the original.

[82] The word “cranouiller” used by Céline in this sentence refers to someone who is in full knowledge of all his flaws, yet does nothing to fix his lamentable situation.

[83] A phrase in Latin made up by Céline, the “lupos” or wolves essentially refers to the Jews.

[84] Wealthy district of Paris

[85] Louis the Pious, son of Charlemagne

[86] King of West Francia, son of Louis the Pious.

[87] Eldest son of Charles the Bald

[88] Word used to describe something flimsy or fake.

[89] Ironic phrase used only by Céline in this text.

[90] Mount Horeb or Mount Sinai is where Moses took down the Ten Commandments from God.

[91] An ancient Semitic deity, word can also be used to describe a sacrificial ritual

[92] High mountain Pass on the Tour de France route

[93] French columnist

[94] André Marty, a Communist fighter who participated in the Spanish Civil War.

[95] See footnote 84.

[96] District in Eastern France, as of 2016, it is now Bourgogne-Franche-Comté

[97] The word “duck” is used here in place of “lie” or “fib”.